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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

* * With next week's issue of THE ACADEMY we shall publish the second of our series of Literary Supplements, reproducing notable reviews, articles, etc., which have appeared during past years in these columns. This number will comprise a review by Swinburne, an essay by Lionel Johnson, a review by Mark Pattison, and other interesting matter.

Notes of the Week

THE prayers and lamentations of the Prime Minister, and his readiness to rub shoulders with the lowliest in the perfectly futile attempt to save his face, are in effect inflating the lungs of the raucous, rampant Socialist with increasingly poisonous gases. Asserting his claim to the nimbus, he rushes about, proclaiming loud-mouthed threats, such as he thinks become the tyrant of Prime Ministers and comptroller of Parliaments. The latest cheerful item on his agenda is a general strike in May—a suggestion which, if it does not stagger humanity, is pretty sure to reduce Mr. Asquith and his Government to prayerful attitude. In this connection it is interesting to read the remarks of a member of the Russian Duma:—

A member of the Right, M. Novitzky, said England had been overtaken by a calamity, whereas in Russia all was quiet. The British Premier was probably warming his hands at someone else's fire, and all the Ministers were shivering because they had no coal; while in St. Petersburg there was enough, because

the Prefect of Police kept a vigilant watch over criminal organisations.

The only peaceful persuasion known in Russia is that of the persuasive policeman. Elsewhere we refer to a new and very valuable persuasive element, which will be, we think, in an excellent state of efficiency in May next.

According to Miss Josephine Knowles, who lectured on "Unmarried Daughters" at the Steinway Hall early this week, the parents of the present day are most inconsiderate persons "when a jester goes a-wooing." They introduce him to all the lady's female relatives, "smother him with aunts, sisters, and cousins," and sit affectionately round the unfortunate, embarrassed young couple until it is time for the poor fellow to depart. So, in time, fearing that so great a display of interest may extend into the hypothetical married life, he sails off to the placid harbour of bachelordom while she reaches the rough waters of spinsterhood. Miss Knowles, we fancy, doth protest too much. "The tyrannical father must go!" she cries dramatically; but the father of that description is a rare bird now, and never were men and women more free to go about together, unquestioned and trusted, than at the present time. Fifty years ago the aunts, sisters, and cousins treatment was the correct thing; not so to-day.

Another terror has been removed from our daily life. Until recently we suffered under the belief that the telephone harboured all sorts and conditions of obnoxious things, lumped together by the average man under the comprehensive title of "germs." Every time we used the telephone we had a good look round, and if we caught sight of a suspicious-looking speck of dust, we lifted it out and killed it at once. Now, to our utterable relief, we learn that "the transmission of tuberculosis by the medium of the telephone mouthpiece is practically impossible," experiments having been carried out by high authorities which seem to prove this comforting statement. If some kindly scientist will get to work on these lines and show us that tea and coffee do not shorten life, that tobacco is a great invention, and (for the benefit of the ladies) that it can be demonstrated that two pounds of mixed chocolates per day are a sure preventive of biliousness, we shall be grateful, and life will once more assume its normal garb of happiness.

Signor Marinetti, lecturing at the Bechstein Hall last Tuesday, proposed "to abolish from literature and painting the dominant and intertwined conceptions of woman and beauty," and to destroy all museums and academies; he also remarked that "a scaffolding is the most beautiful thing in the world." These heresies from Italy! In the recitation of a poem by a Futurist, charmingly called "A Song of Madmen," in which occurred many terrible words—delirium, revolt, cataclysm—we seem to perceive a gleam of hope. People with bees in their bonnets are often more entertaining than people with feathers in their caps.

The Captive

THE laughing Love, who heard sweet Summer call,
 Hastened his steps to join her golden train,
 Brought flowers, and dreamy songs whose echoes fall
 Softly as wild-rose petals after rain;
 But Summer, roaming down her sunlit lands,
 Rifled his blooms, poor Love! and left him lone,
 Disconsolate, with brimming eyes, his hands
 Drooping and blossomless, his radiance flown.
 And you, who pitiful held him to your breast,
 And I, who kissed him as he sobbed to sleep,
 Took him awhile as any sheltering guest,
 Knew not that waking, Love would laugh and creep
 So closely to our hearts! Yet now we know
 When Summer calls again he shall not go.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

A Check to Syndicalism

THE miserable servitude to the Labour vote under which the Liberal Administration has existed since it was returned in 1906, and which has naturally increased in degradation since 1910, when the People's Budget cost the Liberal Party one hundred seats and left it no clear majority in the House of Commons, is stereotyped in the measure introduced into the House of Commons on Tuesday by Mr. Asquith. During the same period the Labour Party has become transformed. The old-fashioned trade unionist has been submerged, and the Anarchist—variously designated Socialist or Syndicalist—reigns in his stead.

From such premisses certain results are sure to flow. Since the Liberal Party have held the reins of office, protection for person and property has only been vouchsafed with a glance askance at Mr. Keir Hardie. When Mr. Churchill was at the Home Office, his daily round was ignorantly to interfere with sentences and to do his utmost to bring the administration of justice into disrepute. It is not proposed here to dwell upon the cumulative result which is before our eyes to-day, but rather to suggest that for a poison an antidote is apt to be discovered.

After the failure of the Government to provide for the continuance of the ordinary services of daily existence during the recent strike at Liverpool, and the failure to protect life and property at Tonymandy, a freer use of military power was made by Mr. Churchill, and the worst features of the earlier era were not repeated. The Government were, however, apparently in cold shivers as to what their patrons, the Labour leaders, would say to them for their use of the military arm, and they therefore promulgated a platonic circular sketching out an auxiliary police force. The circular

was sent to the police authorities, and there is little doubt that it is suitably housed in an obscure pigeon-hole.

Active and determined minds having assimilated the lesson that in future personal safety and private rights would not be adequately protected by a Government themselves under the control of the law-breakers, realised that in the future, at all events, in a far greater degree than in the past, the individual would be compelled to protect himself and his interests. The only way in which organised disorder can be adequately met is by organising the forces of order.

From this idea has sprung one of the most astonishing movements of the times. We refer to the civilian force. Inaugurated a few months ago with uncertain prospects, the movement is to-day of surprising vigour. Many thousand men have been enrolled, all of them men of fine physique, many of them time-expired soldiers. The force is bound by strict rules of discipline and well-uniformed. The men are available to protect private property at any time, and when sworn in as special constables—as has been done in the case of hundreds—organised and serviceable material is immediately available in aid of the civil power. There is an excellent mounted company, and many of the men are skilled, and are able to work services which the enemies of society and humanity wish to paralyse to effect some subversive and revolutionary end. The most effective reply to the Syndicalist ideal of paralysing industry will be the success on lines of the utmost magnitude of the civilian force or volunteer police.

The *Times*, in an admirable article commending the movement two months after its inception, wrote:—

When Liverpool babies were dying in hundreds because railwaymen would neither bring their food to the town nor allow others to bring it, Liverpool citizens, however willing to aid the police and save their children, were powerless for want of organisation. The Volunteer Police Force aims at giving them as much organisation as would have enabled them to keep the railways running and to maintain the food supply until such times as the railwaymen were willing to resume work. They would not in such a case assume any right that does not belong to every citizen, or discharge any duty that is not incumbent upon every citizen. They would merely exercise their right and discharge their duty in co-operation and under intelligent direction, instead of as isolated and ineffective units. The Labour men say that this is directed against them. In that case it is evident that their movements are directed against the public at large. The Volunteer Police Force is not directed against anyone. It is purely defensive. It is, in fact, an organised effort on the part of the public to save itself from starvation and loss in many forms while certain parties are fighting out a quarrel of their own.

A most powerful and flourishing organisation, and one which deserves well of the law-abiding amongst the public.
 CECIL COWPER.

Syndicalism, and After.—I

BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

ONLY the most unsophisticated now believe that the strike and the resulting deplorable chaos, which are rapidly turning these islands into a vast poor-house of unemployment, are due to economic causes which were incapable of solution or adjustment. It would be absurd to deny that the miners have no grievances; it would be equally absurd to deny that the owners have no cause for complaint. In every great industry—especially that of mining, which is carried on under conditions of peculiar difficulty and danger—there must be cases of hardship and injustice, but the whole trend of latter-day relations between capital and labour is to remedy these evils as they arise by legislation, or by mutual agreement, or by the machinery of the Conciliation Boards, which have done such useful work during the past few years.

In the mining industry the questions and disputes which arise between owners and men vary according to districts in a manner which is almost incomprehensible to the lay mind. When you have an expert from Durham openly declaring at the Round Table Conference that the conditions under which the miners work in Yorkshire, and their complaints, are Greek to him, it is easy to grasp that the troubles in South Wales and the troubles in Scotland may be in many instances as far apart as the two poles.

From the business standpoint it has been clearly shown at the Conference that it is utterly impossible for a body of owners and men sitting in London to attempt to settle the affairs of collieries scattered all over Great Britain. It would be just as futile to try every case of petty larceny committed throughout the British Empire in London as to endeavour to fix in Downing Street an equitable minimum wage for each individual colliery or district. Therefore the question naturally arises: How is it that the parties have not realised this fact—which must be obvious to any man of commonsense—and settled their disputes locally, as they have managed to do hitherto? The answer is simple. For the first time in the history of industrial life in this country Syndicalism has attempted to usurp the functions of the Government and to dictate its own terms to the community by means of a General Strike. It must be borne in mind that although nominally only the miners are on strike, in reality, as the men's leaders knew from the start (basing on this fact their plan of campaign), a coal strike would sooner or later automatically and in spite of themselves or their true wishes affect the employment of almost every worker in the country. It has been from the first not an economic struggle, but a deliberate attempt on the part of the extremists among the men's leaders to force their will on the nation by means of an industrial revolution. As one of the most prominent openly boasted a few days ago, "The Government? We are the Government." Syndicalism is the most selfish of all forms of Government; it is a caucus

ruling not in the interest of the nation and of the people as a whole, but in the interest of a particular section of the community. In the case of the Miners' Federation, which has been holding up the country for three weeks past, it is absurd to argue that the leaders even considered the true interests of their men. It has been engineered in the interests of a small band of revolutionaries who temporarily control the votes of the men by means of "an open ballot," and the brutality of "peaceful persuasion." But to bring about this vast revolutionary Socialistic movement it was necessary to fix on some economic principle or cause—because we have not yet reached that state of cynicism (although we are fast approaching it) where even an excuse is not thought necessary; it was also essential to make a demand which the Syndicalists knew from the first would not be capable of easy adjustment, otherwise the opportunity for a display of power which would terrorise the Government and the country into further concessions would be lost.

Therefore, on February 2 the Joint Conference of all the Miners' Federations of Great Britain adopted a Schedule of Minimum Wages—varying in different districts, but based on figures which the most skilful cross-examination at the Round Table Conference failed to disclose—which the owners were brusquely ordered to accept or else face the risk of a general strike. The various Miners' Federations at the same time pledged themselves to stand together and to refrain from work until their demands had been met in every district. Thus in this summary manner two experiments were initiated which have never been tried before in this country: (i) the dangerous principle of a Minimum Wage, whereby a man is to be paid a fixed sum irrespective of whether he earns it or not; (2) a general linking up of a number of federations with widely divergent interests which pledge themselves to a common cause. Was there ever a more arbitrary action? The owners were not even consulted in the framing of the Schedules; invaluable information, without which no impartial authority would attempt to fix a minimum wage, was never examined; Parliament was never consulted as to whether it approved of the principle of a minimum or not; and the public, who were bound to be the chief sufferers in any upheaval in the coal trade, were totally ignored. This is Syndicalism with a vengeance, and Syndicalism which did not even possess the single virtue of acting in the true interests of those it professes to represent.

Do not for a moment suppose that a Union official in Yorkshire cares two straws about the conditions under which the men work in South Wales; or that the miner of Scotland mourns for the hard lives of the men of Durham; or that the men of Northumberland ever give a thought to the miners of Scotland. Like a pack of wolves who are merely brought together for the sake of devouring a common prey they are equally willing to tear one another to pieces should no other victim be available. The truth of this cannot be gainsaid, because some of the Unions—for instance, those of Yorkshire and Durham—are very rich and have money enough to

keep their men out on strike for many weeks, whereas other Unions (those, for instance, in South Wales, and some in Scotland) are very poor, and their funds are already depleted. Therefore, naturally, one would suppose that as all the Federations had united to fight for what they tried to make the public believe was a great ideal or principle—namely, a Minimum Wage—they would at once have pooled their funds so that the burden and hardships of this struggle with the capitalist would fall on all these heroes equally. But the Unions, which profess to hate capital in any form, are very careful when it is a question of parting with their own funds, and one of the first steps taken by the men's leaders after they had presented their loaded pistol at the heads of the owners was to make it perfectly clear to one another that as far as the sinews of war were concerned each must rely on what he possessed.

Before the fatal resolution of February 2 was passed, which committed all the Miners' Federations to a common policy, there were not wanting voices to warn the men against the fatal consequences of such a drastic decision. Many of the men's leaders realised the danger of placing too much powder in a single gun, which might explode if let off, and thus inflict more damage on the hunters than on the hunted. Many of the owners in the federated area, who were, for the most part, on excellent terms with the men's leaders, begged them to consider carefully before entangling themselves with the "Welsh and Scottish elements," to quote Mr. Enoch Edward's own words. But the warning fell on deaf ears. The temptation to handle such a big gun charged with so much powder for the first time was too much for the extremists, who carried the day.

Had the men's leaders foreseen all that has occurred since even they would have hesitated before taking on their shoulders such a mighty responsibility. Had they ever foreseen the amount of misery and suffering their action would inflict on all other workers it is only reasonable to suppose that some, at least, amongst them would have advocated a less drastic policy. They made the fatal blunder of imagining that the Government and the owners and the public would yield to this first essay in Syndicalism without a struggle. The memory of Limehouse was still fresh; the recollection of the action of the Government during the railway dispute last summer was fresher still, and they believed they had only to make their demands known to find the full strength of a united Cabinet behind them. They neither desired nor anticipated a long-drawn-out strike. They wished for a short struggle, just long enough to enable them to give an object lesson of their power and to make the country feel the iron glove without depleting the Union funds to too great an extent. The funds are the life-blood of the Union officials. Without this resource many of those who are negotiating in London, or filling agreeable billets in the various centres of the Federations, would be "getting" coal at the face of some seam hundreds of feet below the earth. They would far rather repudiate for ever the principle of a Minimum Wage than be faced with such a contingency.

Evolution

"EVOLUTION OLD AND NEW,"* now reprinted more than twenty years after its second edition, was "to show . . . that evolution not only tolerates design, but cannot get on without it." Such were Butler's own words, but to the unbiased reader of these days the true purpose of the book is a good deal more obscure. The question of design seems to be settled to Butler's satisfaction in the first few chapters, largely with the help of Paley's *Natural Theology*, which Butler confessed to thinking an intellectual *tour de force*, and which was consequently a curious aid for him to choose in a scientific argument. (Indeed, Butler's qualifications for attacking a burning biological question were so slight that he felt constrained to preface his book with a quotation to the effect that ignorance of a subject need not prevent a man from making up his mind about it.) Thereafter his main purpose seems the glorification of the "older evolutionists" at the expense of Charles Darwin.

A great deal of the book is taken up with memoirs of Buffon, Lamarck, and Dr. Darwin, and with analyses of what Butler considered to be their philosophy. He diverted himself greatly by a cunning effort to explain Buffon's many inconsistencies as a result of Buffon's capricious habit of irony; when Buffon's conclusions were right they were serious; when they were wrong they were ironical; an ingenious idea, but a dangerous method of criticism. After this Butler animadverted upon the neglect of Dr. Darwin and Lamarck by Charles Darwin, an indictment in which his hostility to the latter appears triumphant over everything else. He then begged the whole question with the utmost complacency, and switched off to an interesting, but not vastly important, dissertation upon the wingless Madeira beetle.

Such a book naturally annoyed many people and puzzled many more. Grant Allen's remarks in *THE ACADEMY* of May 17, 1879, still seem pertinent:—

Is he (Butler) a teleological theologian making fun of evolution? Is he an evolutionist making fun of teleology? Is he a man of letters making fun of science? Or is he a master of pure irony making fun of all three and of his audience as well?

A number of people must have echoed the last question, but as a matter of fact Butler was in deadly earnest. He felt the subject to be of grave importance, and he felt himself, as a man of intellect, capable of coping with it. His lack of special knowledge, however, and his quarrel with Darwin, upset his balance, and his work reveals only the spirited amateur. Darwinism is now beyond Butler's attacks, and the latter's views have ceased to have any scientific interest, if they ever had any. But he was a powerful and imaginative writer, with a great gift of illustrating dry theory by concrete instances, and for this reason even his least successful books have an interest.

* *Evolution Old and New*. By SAMUEL BUTLER. (Fifield. 5s. net.)

REVIEWS

Poets, Major and Minor

Ballads and Verses of the Spiritual Life. By E. NESBIT.
(Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.)

The Circle and the Sword. By JOSEPH MARY PLUNKETT.
(Maunsel and Co., Dublin. 1s. net.)

New Poems. By STEPHEN COLERIDGE. (The Torch Press, Iowa, U.S.A.; and The Times Book Club. 3s.)

Magyar Poems. Selected and translated from the Hungarian by NORA DE VÁLLYI and DOROTHY M. STUART.
(E. Marlborough and Co. 2s. net.)

Six Lyrics from the Ruthenian of Tarás Shevchenko; also The Song of the Merchant Kaláshnikov from the Russian of Mikhail Lérmontov. Rendered into English Verse, with a Biographical Sketch, by E. L. VOYNICH. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

A Mere Song. By MURIEL ELSIE GRAHAM. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

The Comfort-Lady, and Other Verses. By C. A. NICHOLSON. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

"BALLADS and Verses of the Spiritual Life" is a title which leads us to expect much. Few modern poets have been entirely successful with religious or semi-religious subjects, and we fear that Mrs. Nesbit is not an exception. This is not to say that she does not succeed often, or that there is no poetry in this volume; but simply that the essential things of the spiritual life, its inwardness and its mysticism, are rarely touched upon. The majority of these poems have religious topics, but they deal more with the external and picturesque aspects of religion than with its unseen world of realities, which are distinctively spiritual. There are verses which, in their definiteness, detail, and colour, remind us of the earlier William Morris—the former part of "Rucking Church," for instance:—

The boat crept slowly through the water-weeds
That greenly cover all the waterways,
Between high banks where ranks of sedge and reeds
Sigh one sad secret all their quiet days,
Through grasses, water-mint and rushes green,
And flags and strange wet blossoms, only seen
Where man so seldom comes, so briefly stays.

Much of the mediæval colour of Catholicism is very effectively set forth in many of these poems. A new note of social sympathy is struck in the latter part of the volume, and the stanzas in which this is heard are perhaps the most vital in the book. A remarkable effort is the final poem, entitled "Inasmuch as ye did it not . . ." In order to show that Mrs. Nesbit is capable of real poetry, we quote the following lines

from "Via Amoris," in which, perhaps, she comes nearest to fulfilling the promise of her title:—

Come, Love! the house is garnished and is swept,
Washed clean with all the tears that I have wept,
Washed from the stain of my unworthy fears,
Hung with the splendid spoils of wasted years,
Lighted with lamps of hope, and curtained fast
Against the gathered darkness of the past.

When we open "The Circle and the Sword" we find ourselves in a very different atmosphere. Here is the spiritual life indeed. The powers both of expression and of thought displayed in this slender volume make it worth any half-dozen collections by modern minor singers. It belongs to the Celtic School, but we detect in it signs of strength which only too rarely characterise that school. There is a religious mysticism which is often amazing, though occasionally somewhat obscure, as in the poem entitled "The Sword." The following lyric is a good illustration of this aspect of Mr. Plunkett's work:—

I see his blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of his eyes;
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see his face in every flower;
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but his voice—and carven by his power,
Rocks are his written words.

All pathways by his feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His cross is every tree.

Sometimes the imagery becomes almost too staggering, and one feels that there is a straining after effect. But always there is something arresting and forceful, while in several metrical experiments a real mastery is shown. We sincerely hope to see more of this poet's work, for it is full both of achievement and promise.

A small but exquisitely printed and bound brochure next claims our attention. "New Poems" is delicate, cultured verse, the work of one who can express sweetly the sentiments that most of us are unable to put into words, although a little more emotion and individuality could occasionally be desired. "Amor Triumphans" will fairly represent its quality:—

Lord of my trembling heart, I yield to thee,
The fight is over, I am spent and faint;
In vain, in vain I prayed not to desire,
And shut the door against fierce love's complaint.

No more can I forbid my King his throne
Or save myself from sinking at his feet,—
Left me in thy strong arms and hold me close,
My Conqueror! Is the surrender sweet?

We owe a debt of gratitude to the two ladies who have given us in "Magyar Poems" a glimpse of a literature that is too little known in this country. We

are more familiar with the music of Hungary, thanks to Liszt and Brahms, than with her poetry. This volume will help us to realise that she has a wealth of poets as well as of weird, wild melody. Selections from no fewer than fifteen sources are given, and are preceded by a few words of biography in each case. The poems often read like original work, and not like translations, which is perhaps the best praise that can be given, although the accuracy of the translations is vouched for by Arminius Vambéry, who contributes a "Foreword." The note oftenest sounded in these poems is that of patriotism: there is a reality and passion in the expression of this sentiment which is too rare in the England of to-day. We wonder when an English poet will utter such a desire as this, by the greatest Hungarian lyric poet, Petöfi:—

A thought torments me: 'tis that I may die
Among my pillows, fading like a bloom
Whose root the canker gnaws, or wasting slow
Like a pale candle in an empty room.
Oh, God, it is to Thee my fervent prayer
Thou wilt from such a death Thy servant spare!

Let me be as a tree by lightning riven,
Or by a storm torn up, in Nature's ire;
A rock from mountain crest to valley driven
By an earth-shaking thunderbolt of fire;
When, of their thralldom tired, the nations rise,
And the red standard boldly is unfurled
Above the battlefield, with this device,
These blessed words, "Freedom for all the world!"

All students of Continental literature, as well as all lovers of poetry, should secure this collection.

A booklet with a similar aim is a translation from the Ruthenian of the peasant poet Shevchénko. It is a poignantly sad life-story that the translator has prefixed to these lyrics. Born in serfdom, Shevchénko had to contend with almost every hindrance that a poet can encounter. Surely, never was a genius so sorely beset with difficulties. A passionate love for his native soil breathes in these few lyrics, as the opening of No. IV will indicate:—

Dig my grave and raise my barrow
By the Dnieper side
In Ukráína, my own land,
A fair land and wide.
I will lie and watch the cornfields,
Listen through the years
To the river voices roaring,
Roaring in my ears.

Mr. Voynich has done well to translate these, and to add to them a poem by the much better known Russian, Lérmontov.

Many a young verse-writer must have been grateful to Mr. Elkin Mathews for the opportunity of making his bow in the dainty "Vigo Cabinet Series," in which garb our last two singers appear. Muriel Elsie Graham shows much technical power and a certain sweet fluency in "A Mere Song." These are verses of considerable

promise, as two stanzas of "The Witnesses" will show:—

From gaslit rooms where mirth is loud,
And silence jars,
We pass from out the chattering crowd—
And lo! the stars.

Clear eyes that watch with grave disdain
Earth's shadow show,
Where phantom millions chase in vain
A phantom glow.

The curiously named volume by C. A. Nicholson bears the stamp of a forceful individuality. Our poet divides his powers chiefly between two such dissimilar classes of topics as the childlike and the horrible. The child-poems have a certain naïveté, while the ballads have the right sense of horror so essential to a good tragic ballad. Of course, there are instances of other kinds of work, but we feel that we would like to see more of Mr. Nicholson's verse before expressing too strong an opinion. We subjoin a tiny lyric, "To the Comfort-Lady":—

Dear, as you softly pass,
The flowers spring anew;
Your feet scarce brush the grass
Or shake the silver dew.
Yet in the dawn I feel
Your shadow-wings are near;
Sorrow itself you heal
As you pass softly, dear.

One thing strikes us as we reach the end of this little list of verse-books. Very few of them, if any, can hope for a wide circulation, while some will scarcely pay the expenses of publication. Even the best poetry is too often like a voice crying in the wilderness. Yet these things do not deter our versifiers from the risks of publication, so that, in a sense, some may be said to be willing to suffer for the cause of poetry. No cause is hopeless while it has devotees of this kind; hence we look forward to a time in the not very remote future, after the present transitional period has somewhat passed, when poetry shall again find its ancient ascendancy.

Bergson Criticised

A Critical Exposition of Bergson's Philosophy. By J. M'KELLAR STEWART. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

M. BERGSON is one of the few philosophers who have attained to a certain degree of popularity, for, generally speaking, philosophers are very far from being popular. It is not because, unlike his predecessors, he has been able to express himself so lucidly that he who runs may read the Riddle of the Universe. Bergson has probed the skein of the nature of intuition as applied to Time, Matter, Freedom, etc., and in the process, like

the philosophers of the past, he has succeeded in tying that skein into knots, to say nothing of his mystified readers as well. This is inevitable; but the point is that Bergson has contributed as much to literature, perhaps more, than he has done to philosophy itself. We are often puzzled and bewildered in the intricate mazes through which he leads us, and, though we may not be able to grasp anything like the whole of his meaning, we are, nevertheless, quick to perceive the charm of his style and the dazzling and poetic force of his many metaphors. Bergson in philosophy, Huxley in science, and the late Professor William James in psychology are all famous for their fine literary style, and the dark places through which they have led us have assuredly been illuminated and made even pleasurable, because in carrying out their respective arguments they have contributed to literature.

Dr. J. McKellar Stewart writes "that metaphor is not always conducive to clearness, and that illustration is apt to be confused with argument. My aim has been to present clearly the root ideas of his philosophy so far as they appear in the work which he has made public, to examine their validity, and to consider their value as a contribution to modern philosophic thought." We shall probably have many volumes written on similar lines, but our contention is that philosophy and metaphysics have always tried to express the unutterable, and if, therefore, the result is very far from satisfying, we may as well have all the beauty of language as a recompense for our disappointment. This is just what Bergson gives us, and what Dr. Stewart, with the best intention, takes away.

The closing sentence in Bergson's treatise on "Laughter" is as follows:—"The philosopher who gathers a handful (of the comic foam) may find that the substance is scanty and the after-taste is bitter." This might be even more truthfully applied to the philosophy that tries to label the exact nature of intuition in relation to things spiritual. We know that intuition is a cultivated form of instinct, that it is something over and above ordinary intelligence; but the bitter taste comes when we try to define it further. And why? Because spiritual intuition is a flash from the Divine, a glimpse of the Vision that is one of the secrets of the soul, and can only be understood by others through a long process of initiation. Over and over again we have had long arguments on metaphysical subjects. Over and over again we have restated our case; but after repeated efforts the right word, the right phrase, for another's understanding, has not come. We dimly perceive the truth ourselves, but the perception is inward, exclusively of the spirit. Outwardly we rotate in blurred and murky circles, the circles of words of the finite vainly trying to voice and explain the Infinite.

Kant, in his "Critique of Pure Reason," regarded all knowledge as belonging to "the material, the mechanical, the mathematical," and, in consequence, conceptions of God and Immortality received no place in his method of reasoning. Kant's outlook, correct enough as far

as it went, was necessarily limited. Bergson's aim is "to establish the position that the faculty of knowledge, as Kant understood it, is a mere fragment of that faculty in its entirety." In other words, Bergson has risen above a purely materialistic basis, so that his conception of knowledge is the material added to the spiritual, and the ever-expanding study of psychology is daily adding to knowledge and giving it a deeper and broader significance. Dr. Stewart writes:—"By a literally superhuman effort the philosopher may transcend the point of view of intelligence, and by a stroke of sympathetic insight perceive or feel the impulsion at the heart of reality." We have surely gone far and travelled wisely when we realise, as the older philosophers were too timid to do, that there is an inner knowledge—call it faith, spirituality, or what we will—that sees further than reason, however pure, finds a hand that leads us forth to a place where the light shines, and where we discover "the one thing needful." Dr. Stewart writes:—"In successive efforts of intuition, philosophy must pursue its task. Philosophy thus introduces us into spiritual life. That is its domain." The dictionary interpretation of the word philosopher is "one who acts calmly and rationally in all affairs of life." Thanks to Bergson and to others of his school, the philosopher now stands for a good deal more, and it is a welcome sign of advancement that this is so.

There is one remark of Bergson to which we must take strong objection. He writes:—"The doctrine which I hold is throughout a protest against mysticism, since it proposes to reconstruct the bridge (broken since Kant) between metaphysics and science." Since modern philosophy has introduced us into the spiritual life, it cannot afford to discountenance the teaching of the mystics. Since this book was published, Miss Evelyn Underhill, in the February *English Review*, has written a most able article on "Bergson and the Mystics." She cannot have read the passage we have just quoted, which is so strongly antagonistic to mysticism; but she shows, nevertheless, with wonderful lucidity, that Bergson's philosophy can be applied to the work of the mystics with considerable advantage. If Bergson's basis of philosophy is intuition, then intuition is no more finely developed than among the mystics. The root idea of the mystics, irrespective of religion and nationality, has always been the same. They have seen the same Vision, whether in Germany or Persia, from different points of view. Some have lifted the veil higher than others, but all are afire with the same flash of spiritual insight, all are aware of the oneness of the universe and of the intimate relationship between the Beloved and those who hear His call. A new and happy laughter will ring through the philosophy of Bergson when this brilliant writer, in striving to voice the unutterable, joins hands with the mystics. Dr. Rudolf Steiner has done so, and, more, he has shown that just as earthly knowledge may be attained according to the intellectual capacity, so may the spiritual knowledge be acquired, little by little, through the process of initiation, meaningless to the many, all-important to the few whose eyes have been spiritually opened.

The Land of the Conqueror

The Normandy Coast. By CHARLES MERK. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)

Le Légendaire du Mont Saint-Michel. By ETIENNE DUPONT. (Robert Duval, Paris. 3 fr.)

Tombelaine: Une Citadelle Anglaise et ses Bastilles en France pendant la Guerre de Cent Ans. By ETIENNE DUPONT. (Louis Jouan, Caen.)

The Settlement of Normandy. By G. F. B. DE GRUCHY. (Jaques and Son. 1s. net.)

MR. FISHER UNWIN has temporarily left our English shores and crossed the Channel for the latest addition to his well-known and always welcome "County Coast Series" of descriptive, historical, and literary handbooks, hitherto devoted exclusively to the coast-line of this country. The reason for the inclusion of what one may term this "extra" volume in the series is no doubt to be found in the fact that the history of Normandy was for a long period so closely interwoven with our own, from the time of Edward the Confessor to at least the Peace of Bretigny in 1360—when England renounced her claim to the ancient duchy—if not to the close of the Hundred Years War, which terminated about a century later.

The Rev. Mr. Merk, who is English chaplain at Dieppe, has been long resident on this picturesque coast, and is quite at home in describing its white cliffs and long stretches of yellow sands, its green hills and pastures, and the grand rocks facing the Channel Islands and including the famous Mont St. Michel with its mediæval dungeons and ancient abbey. The fashionable seaside resorts, the old-world fishing villages and hamlets, the numerous harbours, and the many coast towns of greater or lesser importance, all receive their share of notice, both topographical and historical. Of all these places, however, probably the most interesting to those of English blood is the little town of Dives, from whence Duke William, that "very great war-man, called Billy the Norman," sailed to the conquest of England in 1066.

The event is duly chronicled on a memorial stone in the vicinity; but it is difficult nowadays to imagine that his fleet of four hundred ships and a thousand transport-boats ever found room to remain for a month, awaiting a favourable wind, in the mouth of the little river. It should be borne in mind, however, that that stream has been gradually silting up during the centuries, and "green fields now extend where the fleet of the future Conqueror rode at anchor." The book is embellished with a charming coloured frontispiece, and many fine engravings from photographs vividly depict the rich province which once formed part of our English realm. The Normandy coast is an ideal spot for a holiday, and, as it is but a five hours' journey from London, many of us, whose forefathers may have hailed from there, might do worse than pay it a visit at vacation time, taking Mr. Merk's entertaining and instructive volume as "guide, philosopher, and friend."

M. Etienne Dupont, who is a judge at the Civil Tribunal at St. Malo, has been at some pains to collect together the various legends and traditions connected with the Mont St. Michel. One of the earliest incidents in its history—the meeting of Harold and William near the sanctuary of the Archangel, when on their way to wage war against Conan, Duke of Brittany—is represented on the famous Bayeux tapestry. Tiphaine Raguenel, the wife of the redoubtable Bertrand Duguesclin, had a residence there, in which she occupied herself with the study of astrology. The history of the Mount, both legendary and otherwise, is romantic in the extreme, and most tragic also. Louis XI used it as a State prison, in which he confined his miserable victims in cages. There is a horrible story at a later period of a poor prisoner being devoured alive by rats. The fortress was several times unsuccessfully besieged by the English, and it looms largely during the Wars of Religion, being contended for by both parties.

Its near neighbour, Tombelaine, was a thorn in the side of the French during the whole of the Hundred Years War. It was captured by the English by a *coup-de-main*, and at once strongly fortified, and during that sanguinary period it proved useful alike for both attack and retreat, and with quite a small garrison defied all the efforts of the French to subdue it, until towards the close of those prolonged hostilities, when the garrison surrendered with the honours of war, England being no longer able to render assistance.

Mr. de Gruchy's little volume consists of a paper read by him at a meeting of the Jersey Society last year, on the occasion of the millenary of the foundation of Normandy by Rolf, the first duke; and with regard to the Channel Islands, which are all that remain to us of the ancient duchy, he points out that our present sovereign is "the forty-fourth duke in succession of the blood of the founder." Mr. de Gruchy is very proud of his Norman descent, and he claims that Jerseymen are a more ancient nation than the French, and with their brothers of Guernsey, Sark, and Alderney represent the old Norman people to-day. "Indeed," he says, "I think that we Islanders are justly entitled to boast that we are the only true Normans left, because we alone have kept up an unbroken loyalty, both to our old Norman institutions and to that Norman family of Rolf the Viking, for whom our forefathers first won a Duchy, and then a Kingdom, which has grown into a World-wide Empire over four hundred millions of souls."

An Artist on Tour

Through India and Burmah with Pen and Brush. By A. HUGH FISHER. (T. Werner Laurie. 15s. net.)

IF Mr. Fisher had used his pen as well as he can wield his brush, this book might have been published to greater advantage. Anyone may read it through carefully, and have nothing to say in favour of the text. Some of the illustrations, more particularly those in

colour, are worth a glance in passing; but even they hardly attain to the standard of merit which pictures of Indian scenes and persons have often reached. It is, briefly, the typical work of a superficial observer, who has endeavoured to "embody some of my impressions and experiences," but has failed to convey a single item of information that has not already appeared often in other publications, while he has constantly written without taking the trouble to verify his facts. He has made at least one egregious mistake, which is inexcusable even in a globe-trotting artist. The illustration at page 204 is of "The Kutab Minar and the Iron Pillar, Fatehpur Sikri." The minaret and the pillar are at old Delhi, ten miles from modern Delhi. Fatehpur Sikri is about twenty-four miles from Agra. Mr. Fisher visited both Fatehpur Sikri and Delhi, but still he can attach such a description to his illustration. Again, in his account of the Muharram celebration at Agra, Mr. Fisher writes that both Hassan and Hussein (sons of Ali and Fatima, the daughter of Muhammad) died in battle, being killed at Kerbela. He has evidently written without a knowledge of the facts. Hassan succeeded his father Ali as Caliph in 661 A.D., but after a few months abdicated and retired to Medina. After eight years spent in ease and quietness, he met his death there by poison at the hand of one of his wives. It was Hussein (Hassan's brother) who was killed on October 10, 680 A.D. (now the tenth day of the Muharram), at the battle of Kerbela, fought with Yezid, ruler of Syria. As Hassan had died years before that battle, Mr. Fisher's statement is inaccurate.

It is fair to criticise Mr. Fisher, as he is keen to criticise others. For instance, he relates that a police inspector at Benares told him that Warren Hastings concealed himself in a well there "during the Mutiny." Mr. Fisher does not appear to be aware of the personal danger to which Warren Hastings was exposed at Benares when Chait Singh rebelled in 1781. It can easily be supposed that the native inspector, thinking in the vernacular and translating into English, used the word mutiny when he meant the rebellion of 1781, but that he did not mean the mutiny of 1857. The imputation against the inspector of confusion in history was scarcely deserved. Mr. Fisher's own inaccuracies should not have occurred. He refers to the Auchterlony Monument in Calcutta (erected to Sir David Ochterlony). He calls Howrah the terminus of the Eastern Bengal Railway, whereas it is the end of the East Indian, as Sealdah is of the Eastern Bengal. He writes of Howrah as on the south side of the Hooghly, whereas it is on the west. His verbal mistakes are innumerable. A few may be mentioned. He writes of Akhbar, Koda, Sookua, Teester, Sawar, Idgar, Shaddra, Jaswan, Ruri, Jacobs, Tarshoon, where he should have written Akbar, Koila, Sookna, Teesta, Sawai, Idgah, Shadera, Jaswant, Rohri, Jacob, Trisul. His proofs should have been examined by some expert. He refers to some pensioners at Benares of the old Mogul dynasty as "some old Delhi kings," though the last monarch of the race died in 1862. It would be tedious to catalogue

his slips. He has trusted to his ear, which has deceived him. Such instances show the superficial character of his knowledge. Like all temporary visitors to India, he has a "political" chapter of his observations, of the usual Radical type, in which Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, and others have preceded him. His idea is that we should help India to become a nation, and that "our rule should be so conducted as to prepare India for ultimate self-government and a place in the future councils of a British confederation among the other units of the Empire." Fortunately he is also aware that "many, many will be the years to come ere the Mohammedan will lie down with the Hindoo, and a little Parsee shall lead them to the sound of Sikh flutes and Christian tabors!"

As Mr. Fisher has seen the surface of the country and the sights of some of the chief towns of India and Burmah, so he has picked up scraps of old information without pursuing any object thoroughly, with the result that his book is of no value whatever for present delectation or instruction, or for future reference. Of little use as a guide-book, it is quite useless to anyone desiring a knowledge of India beneath the immediate surface of things.

The Free Trade Fallacy

The Path of Empire. By H. PAGE CROFT, M.P. (John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

FREE TRADERS will not like this book, but they ought to be made to read it, nevertheless. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who has probably done more than any other man toward consolidating the Empire, has written an all too short preface, in which he points out that we cannot, if we would keep our own position, afford to neglect our Colonies and their claims. Then the author, taking each aspect of his subject in detail, points out our shortcomings and neglect of an urgent problem, and speaks with a certainty weighted by unmistakable facts of the consequences of further neglect. It has been remarked often enough that statistics may be made to prove anything, but here are vital facts which prove the value to England—and even the necessity—of Colonial preference. It is pointed out and proved that a preferential tariff could not be made a means of damaging us by our foreign neighbours, since these latter already exclude practically all that they do not want of our goods, while we exclude nothing. Further, the old Free Trade cry that our Colonies are negligible consumers of our goods in comparison with foreign countries is as false as the big loaf bogey, for the German Empire consumes as much and no more than Australasia, though the proportion of inhabitants is ten to one. New Zealand and Canada, with the same proportion of inhabitants, buy as much as the United States, and South Africa purchases more than France. The "unscrupulous war-cry of the Free Trade tub-thumper" is criticised and exposed, in view of the increasing cost

of living under Free Trade conditions, which every country but our own has abandoned; and the appeal of J. J. King, the railway magnate of the States, is quoted, in which he pleads that, "if British Preference were carried, American farmers would have to accept less for their wheat which was conveyed to the United Kingdom."

The author passes to criticism of the Navy and Army, and unreservedly and justly condemns the failure of Lord Haldane's Territorial system, outlining an alternative scheme which, though it would bring about a storm of hostile criticism, has at least the merit of providing us with an efficient defensive force—and the Territorial scheme has never got as far as that, nor does there seem any likelihood that it ever will. As is pointed out here, in every respect the force has fallen short of the minimum requirements for safety as laid down by the War Minister. Space will not permit of excerpts, but the book is one which every thinking man, regardless of party, should read for himself. It is crammed with facts and just but unsparing comments, for here is a man who is not afraid to show us our weakness, and to cause us to doubt whether we have not passed through advancement and the pause at the summit to the first steps of decline. So long have we neglected substance for shadow, sunk patriotism in party squabbles, and degraded politics by vote-catching legislation that decline may well await us. Here is one, a voice crying in the wilderness of party strife, who outlines a plan by which Motherland and Colonies may rise higher yet. The plan may be imperfect, may need many modifications before it can win adoption; but here, at least, is proof that some remain among us able to think beyond immediate and selfish interests, and to consider the welfare of the English rather than the well-being of a county or a class. The book, short though it is, is well worthy of serious consideration by all thinking men—and by Radical extremists, too.

Shorter Reviews

On Horseback through Nigeria. By J. D. FALCONER. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

IT has become quite a common custom with publishers to insert on the paper wrappers of their books little notices bearing witness to the merits of the works enclosed, and presumably intended—or partly intended—for the guidance of reviewers. In this case, however, we find ourselves in disagreement with the publisher when he states that this is "a handbook which will be found indispensable" by all who are interested in the progress and development of British dominions. For, as the author himself observes toward the end of his book, the casual traveller who spends but a night in every town has little opportunity of entering into the inner life of the people, and it is little more than a pleasant, gossipy record of a river voyage from Forcados

to Nassarawa, and thence on horseback to the shores of Tchad, to the ancient Bornu kingdom, to Kano and Sokoto, and many other places of note in Nigeria. There are interesting little records of native life and customs, somewhat superficially observed, and at the commencement of the book Dr. Falconer has given an excellent pen-picture of the hopeless dreariness of the marshy, malaria-haunted, fever-stricken Niger delta and of the ugly realism which makes up a trader's life, his excitement at the coming of the mail from home, and the hourly monotony amid which he spends his days. But this insight to the life—the inner personal life—of the Niger territories extends but a few miles beyond Forcados. Up country, Dr. Falconer becomes a tourist, albeit a very observant and intelligent tourist, and he gives us only such impressions of each place as can be gathered in a day and a night, or in even less time. One charming little legend of the origin of monkeys is so well told that we could wish the author had spent more time on his trip, and had gathered up other specimens of Banchi and Hausa folk-lore. As it is the book is a pleasantly descriptive record of travel, but certainly not an "indispensable handbook," either to those who desire to visit Nigeria or to those who wish to acquire their information relating to the country at second-hand.

One point well worth noting is the profusion of kings—on one occasion Dr. Falconer had quite an escort of kings to guide and assist him on his way. Another point worth mention is the quality of the illustrations in the book, which, even in these days of universal Kodak-ism, are of exceptional merit, both as regards the interest of the subject-matter and the style of reproduction.

The Dragon of Wessex. By PERCY DEARMER, M.A., DD. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

WE can imagine no better book for a boy of twelve or thirteen than this story of England in the days of Alfred. As a rule, the author who endeavours to combine amusement with instruction fails dismally in both undertakings. Dr. Dearmer, however, must be reckoned among the exceptions. He has a fine historical imagination, and has captured and contrived to convey something at least of the England of Alfred's day—an England of wild forests and yet wilder men, of feasting and of fighting, of rude barbarians and of pale-faced monks. The struggle of the English with the Danes has rarely been more vividly depicted. Dr. Dearmer's impression of our heathen invaders differs markedly from that of Mr. G. K. Chesterton:—

The Northmen came about our land,
A Christless chivalry:
Who knew not of the arch or pen,
Great, beautiful, half-witted men
From the sunrise and the sea.

In this book they appear as foemen worthy of English steel, brave, courteous and chivalrous, though with a less sensitive code of honour than the men who fought with Alfred. Which view may be the correct one is, perhaps,

a matter of little moment. The main thing is that Dr. Dearmer has succeeded in writing a first-class boys' book, which happens at the same time to be a valuable introduction to one of the most stirring and fruitful periods of our national history.

Castellinaria and other Sicilian Diversions. By HENRY FESTING JONES. (A. C. Fifield. 5s. net.)

THERE is a slight disadvantage in reviewing this present work of Mr. Festing Jones, inasmuch as it deals in some measure with people and places treated in "Diversions in Sicily," by the same author, but if the earlier work is as interesting as the book under review it is worth reading.

The author is evidently quite at home with the Sicilians and lived their life—the life of the people; so much so that he was asked to be "compere" or god-father to two if not more children born to his friends, and thus became one of their family circles. For obvious reasons Castellinaria is not marked on any map of Sicily, but that is of no moment, as geography does not matter. We have a long and interesting account of marionettists whom the author helped with their plots—quite a Sicilian institution. As the Buffo said of one of the scenes, "There is nothing like it in Dante," and later, "Who can bear testimony to the truth of Dante's words? We cannot cut his poem open and see his inner meaning, whereas I have cut my inferno open for you." The Buffo goes to Catania for a holiday with the author later on and furnishes perpetual amusement, not only for him, but for the readers of the book.

We have also a vivid relation of a visit to Messina and a description of the horrors there after the earthquake, also a lengthy account of the sulphur mines and the inner working of the "Mafia," which does not seem in reality to be the dreadful murder organisation which the Yellow Press makes it out to be. Altogether we thank the author for a very charming book giving vivid descriptions of the inner life, peculiarities and customs of a country comparatively unknown to the majority of even travelled Englishmen.

Fiction

The Forest on the Hill. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (John Murray. 6s.)

ONCE more, in the very heart of Dartmoor, we have wandered and played the spy while Mr. Phillpotts brings forward his villagers and moormen to act their little parts for our behoof. The more we read of Mr. Phillpotts' later novels, the more we feel sure that he is unjust in painting the Dartmoor folk in such sombre colours. Tragedy haunts the people of his books; they ache with trouble and sorrow; an undiscovered murder (with Redstone, the murderer, living happily with the

wife who knew of his crime) forms the main theme of "The Forest on the Hill," and the suicide of Redstone, in order to save the suspected man under sentence of death, closes the story. It is really too bad. Fascinating though the finely-conceived plot may be, with powerful situations and pages of description that for their beauty have rarely been equalled, we suffer from a sense of repulsion. Cannot Mr. Phillpotts overcome this morbid desire to show the worst side of his chosen locality? It is true that Dartmoor has its bleak, wintry moods—well we know it!—and in those moods is fit setting for tragic passions; but when book after book deals with the grim human—or inhuman—aspect of life we are moved to protest. Why may we not have from the same masterly hand an idyll without tragic consequences—a flower without so many poisoned thorns?

Timothy Snow and John Redstone, both suitors for the love of Drusilla Whyddon, are finely contrasted characters—the one cold, sceptical, moved to strange heights and tremendous emotion only by his one fierce passion, the other hearty, impulsive, unphilosophic, anxious in his bluff way to be "straight" and "sporting." Drusilla gives up Timothy, whom she loves, at the instigation of old Lot Snow, who points out to her for his own miserly ends that such a marriage would spoil his nephew's chances. Redstone wins her at last, after she has passed through deep waters; but he, in a fit of overwhelming temper, had struck Lot Snow and killed him. The nonchalance with which Redstone treats his dreadful deed will puzzle the reader—it is inconsistent with his character, although the author endeavours to bring it into correct perspective with the processes of his mind. Moyle, the policeman, who loves Audrey Leaman, a tempting, voluptuous maid who flirts with any man, discovers Lot's body and concludes that Timothy is guilty. Timothy's movements, made innocently enough, being highly suspicious. So the tangle goes on, until Redstone cuts the knot in his own terrible fashion.

Between the pages describing these tense situations are many less depressing interludes; the intermittent chorus of rustics, the idyllic wooing of Timothy and Drusilla, the laughter of that gentle, optimistic old man, Redstone's grandfather; but the general effect is one of gloom. We shall be glad when Mr. Phillpotts has worked out his present vein of dire discontent with his Dartmoor folk; perhaps then he will paint them in softer moods, less exaggerated, more as they really are.

Passion-Fruit. By E. CHARLES VIVIAN. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE movements and perturbations of the human being under the influence of love (and its various imitations) form the theme of nine-tenths of the novels of the period, and to imagine, and having imagined, to create plausibly a situation or a set of circumstances which is not hackneyed, is sufficiently creditable an accomplishment to distinguish an author from the crowd. Mr.

Vivian has done this, and done it well. His hero, Wilfrid Stevens, a young engineer, vows himself "in life and death" to a girl before he has the slightest idea of what life is; he then takes up a position in India, and falls beneath the spell of one of those fragrant, irresistible women whom Kipling described so well in his earlier books—women who live on the admiration of men, and who as a rule are not too scrupulous in their love-affairs. At first this Mrs. Ashburnham plays with the "fresh" youngster; but she wakens his passion, and—here is an original situation—he wakens her love. And there is the girl at home, building her castle of dreams on an unsubstantial foundation—the good faith of the absent lover.

Tragedy is here indicated, of course; and tragedy comes; but for the way in which the author deals with his characters we have nothing but praise. Poor, ordinary Jessie, at home, is bewildered at the change in Stevens when he returns; she has never realised the great fact that the spirit is attacked by the gate of the senses—that the love of most men, once gained, must be retained by the practice of many little innocent arts and graces. Had she been more passionate, had she dressed in the "mauve silk" and used the compelling "heliotrope perfume" so dear to the heart of her unknown rival, she might have brought the impressionable youth back to her side. But the experienced woman of the world, in such a case, nearly always wins. Stevens, becoming famous by reason of a clever discovery of new processes in the manufacture of steel, is dissatisfied and morose, hears of the death of Ashburnham, and abruptly takes passage to India. The rest of this story we may leave readers to ascertain, merely stating that the sadness of the ending is relieved by a gleam of hope. The flaws which we noted in the author's former work—a certain forced humour and a propensity for the smart saying—are here absent. The book may be regarded in two lights, perhaps—as a study of the effects of tropical climate and exotic surroundings on a normally cool English temperament, and an illustration of the rashness of too early, too eager, plighting of faith. There are other subsidiary characters in the story, and of these one incurable optimist, Ridgway, is quite a notable success. The hope for slighted Jessie lies in Ridgway's unconfessed love; for Stevens, with his life's work, "Passion-Fruit" maintains its interest consistently, and not until the very end did we slacken in our intentness upon its tangled plot.

The Fen Dogs. By STEPHEN FOREMAN. (John Long. 6s.)

THE period towards the close of the Napoleonic Wars is the time that Mr. Foreman has chosen for his story of "The Fen Dogs," but there is no long-drawn-out and tedious description of campaigns—the campaigns that have been responsible for so many books and much romance. Mr. Foreman confines himself to an account

of what occurred to two English soldiers, tracing their fortunes through the latter part of the Peninsular War and then following them to their homes in the Fen district. The contrast between the two men is very vividly indicated, while Sanchia, a young Spanish woman, who is loved by them both in accordance with their different ideas of the passion, is a very real figure indeed. The times were stirring; people loved and hated well and fiercely, and Gordon Yewell and Anthony Waynford had no particular reason for being on good terms with each other, although Waynford had practically saved Yewell's life when they met abroad. Other dwellers in the Isle of Ely form a good background for the story. There is Manna Waynford, Anthony's father, a noteworthy type of the kind of man produced by the Calvinism of the age; his wife, Margaret, who sympathised with and strove to abate her husband's periodical fears of hell and the judgment to come; Christopher Tizack, an ex-schoolmaster and avowed Bonapartist; and Anna Matthewman, a love-sick maiden who gives as much affection as she is capable of to Gordon Yewell. No paragraph in the book is superfluous; Mr. Foreman has an excellent story to relate, and makes good use of every page. We hope that we shall have many more to read from the same pen.

Men and Dreams. By MARY E. MANN. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

THIS is a volume of little sketches and stories, mere fragments of lives which the authoress has gleaned from time to time, as fiction-writers will. Some of the characters are drawn from the life of rural Norfolk, and are reproduced with a fidelity that only a keen student of the slow-moving counties on which the North Sea washes could accomplish. For your Norfolk rustic is as no other villager, a being whose ways must be learned with infinite patience and care by those who would write of him, and one who must be known from youth up if he is to be reproduced as is done here. One or two of the stories are somewhat dull; the rest are at least interesting, and from among these may be chosen a few of exquisite delicacy and artistic power. "Back to the Land" is a fine, though brief, sketch embodying a sidelight, as it were, on one aspect of modern agricultural conditions; "A Country Churchyard" is a study rather than a story of a forgotten "gentleman," written with artistic restraint and developing a note of deep, true pathos; and "A Man and a Dream," the first story of the collection, bears in its few pages a message that never grows old. Eliminating a small minority of the contents of the book, it may be said of the remainder that they convey an atmosphere of simplicity, and evince a depth of understanding of the types which the authoress portrays, with sufficient force to sustain, if not to enhance, the reputation Mrs. Mann has already established. The book is an effective argument in favour of short stories in volume form.

The Theatre

"98.9" at the Criterion Theatre

WE should imagine that the new play produced by Mr. Robert Loraine and written—although the author matters very little under this supermanly régime—by Mr. C. B. Fernald is the outcome of a risky and rather ingenuous conference. We can imagine Mr. Robert Loraine, airman and actor, meeting Mr. C. B. Fernald, an ambitious and not much-produced dramatist, and suggesting with some laughter and much enthusiasm a play which should be the very reverse of "Man and Superman." We deduce this without having recourse to any of the "Boys' Own Paper" methods of Sherlock Holmes. Mr. Robert Loraine has "Man and Superman" on the brain. No wonder. When his fortunes were at a low ebb he produced "Man and Superman" in America. Since when, in the language of the typical millionaire, he has never looked back. Mr. Loraine has played Mr. Shaw's very amusing, precocious play hundreds of times. No doubt he begins to believe he is John Tanner. He is undoubtedly something of a superman. He has flown. He has been successful while still upon the sunny side of forty. He is an actor-manager in London, and his portrait may be seen in the foyer of the Criterion Theatre any day of the week enshrined in blossoms. His name, in almost abnormal print, is to be seen daily in all the newspapers, while that of his author must be examined beneath a microscope. So we like to think that "98.9" is the outcome of a pleasant and enthusiastic conference between a man and a superman, and that the scheme of the play came from the brain of the latter.

Whether this is so or not, the fact remains that "98.9" is "Man and Superman" the other way round—the other way round, the wrong way—the other way round without any of the sparkle and daring, studied precocity, well-thought-out impromptu of the owner of the right of way. Mr. Shaw invented a curiously fascinating, unpleasant maiden who ran a man to earth without any of the instincts of the true sportswoman. Mr. Shaw, owing something perhaps to the management of the Drury Lane Theatre, but not acknowledging it, placed a motor car in the middle of one of his scenes. Mr. Shaw, who is never happy unless he is breaking the prescribed rules of the game, made several of his characters out-Fabian Fabians in their undamable flow of words. Mr. Loraine and Mr. Fernald, a little unwisely as it turns out, have made their hero the hunter, have obtained certain quite realistic effects from the flight of an aeroplane, and have out-Shawed Shaw in the length of some of their speeches. With an amusing but somewhat childish wish to puzzle the critics on the first night—a very easily puzzled set—Mr. Loraine withheld the name of the author, and there were some very unanalytical people who jumped at the conclusion that the piece was a burlesque of Bernard Shaw by Bernard Shaw. But these people had not

followed the output of England's champion word-juggler very closely. The piece did not contain any of the usual jibes at law and order. It lacked also the usual Shavian note of sexlessness. The work was obviously that of someone without the courage to be original, but who proved himself to be a good enough workman to rely wholly upon himself.

"98.9" has several points. It contains several very charming scenes in the best spirit of high comedy. The whole of the first act is very deft, very full of amusing detail. It gleams with very nearly witty dialogue, and has a curtain which compels applause. Its second act begins with a long and tiresome song off stage and never recovers from it. It certainly has one delightfully realistic although irremediably mechanical effect—the arrival of the superman in his aeroplane. This also, like the song, takes place off, but it is so well managed that the most unimaginative person in the audience can see the approach, its arrival and the descent in the garden at Bordhigera. Very little else happens in this act. Very little else happens in the next. The characters talk and talk and talk, and then suddenly the author drags in a cinematograph machine so that the superman shall have all the conversation to himself while showing the proceedings of the heroine on the screen—the heroine who has, in the true Shavian manner, lied to her will-be husband. Just as in "Man and Superman" we had the willing collapse of the hunted man who wanted nothing so much as to be married by the girl upon whose charming head he had poured accumulations of amazing opprobrium, so in "98.9" we found the heroine willing and ready to fall into the arms of the restless, hysterical, garrulous, comedian-tragedian-farçeur as soon as he should stop talking and ask her one direct question. This he did at the convenient hour of eleven, so all was well.

As we have endeavoured to show, "98.9" would be a brilliant piece of work if it wasn't for its plot. In other words, "98.9" would have been one of Mr. Fernald's best plays if he had not been persuaded that "Man and Superman" was the greatest effort of our epoch. We know very well that Mr. Fernald is capable of writing work which is strikingly original. We shall never forget his "Cat and the Cherub." It seems a great pity that in writing for Mr. Robert Loraine he was obliged to duplicate. We have really had something too much of supermen. We pine to find upon the stage once more ordinary human beings—men and women who do not bear upon their shoulders, as collars bear upon their bands, the labels of their makers, the Pinero, the Sutro, the Carton, the Galsworthy, the Eden Phillpotts, the Granville Barker, and the George Bernard Shaw—all "as now worn." It is time that we sent an army of scavengers into the theatre to point powerful hoses upon all this freakishness, unhealthiness, and distortion, and to sweep up into one mighty pile all the studiously bizarre ideas, the feverishly strained impromptus of our hectic dramatists who sign petitions against the Censorship and advertise like Labour members.

It is quite unnecessary to say that there is no

other actor in London who could have played the part of this Topsy-turvy Tanner. Mr. Robert Loraine gambolled with his part, and issued his Niagaran torrent of words with an air of enjoyment that was almost infectious. Men of long memories looked at each other with moist eyes and said, "Ah! Charlie Wyndham all over again." Let Mr. Robert Loraine find a David Garrick, and in future move Mr. Bernard Shaw into his programme of special matinées. Nausea is setting in. Save us—oh! save us from these Shavians, these propagandists, these petition-signers.

"Hippolytus" at the Imperial Institute

THE Poetry Society was setting itself no mean task when it decided to render the *Hippolytus* of Euripides as a poetic performance, and without reference to previous dramatic representations. At the Imperial Institute on Saturday evening, March 16, an attempt was made to avoid a theatrical atmosphere, and to give an interpretation which was dignified, restrained, and as simple as circumstances would allow. The field of criticism was thus greatly diminished, and at the same time any defect became more glaring. Both from emotional and elocutionary standpoints, the performance failed to be impressive. In mitigation of the elocutionary defect it must be conceded at once that the acoustics of the Marble Hall of the University of London were far from perfection. A flight of stone steps, usually trodden by quaking students, but now by the Chorus of Greek maidens, was utilised as a stage; at the foot of the steps a portion of the Marble Hall was curtained off and served as the auditorium.

The attendant acoustic difficulties may be largely responsible for the lack of intelligibility of much of the work of the Chorus. In training the Chorus, a method somewhat akin to the recitative of modern opera was adopted by Mr. Robert Stephenson, the "didaskolos" and stage manager. Miss Efga Myers, owing to the sudden indisposition of Miss Ella Erskine, read the part of Phædra in addition to interpreting Aphrodite, and must be congratulated upon a very praiseworthy performance. Mr. William Stack, as the wrongfully-used Hippolytus, and Mr. Gilbert Hudson, the chief huntsman, expressed some fire and emotion in the rendering of their speeches, but most of the inwardness of the play was lost because of the extreme calmness and dignity of Mr. Robert Stephenson in the character of Theseus. The Nurse was not the fortunate possessor of that fine musical voice which was an absolute necessity of the Greek stage. The version chosen by the Poetry Society was the translation by Professor Gilbert Murray, which, though having the advantage of rhyme, seems to lack the power of some of the earlier translations.

Music

LAST week brought a rather severe disappointment with it—the music written for a masque by Sir Edward Elgar. The Press had not, so far as we are aware, indulged in those convulsive throbblings indicative of the near birth of some great thing, usual with it when the *première* of a work by Elgar is approaching; but musical people had hoped that the popular composer would be found to have asserted his genius in this new departure, and given the world something worthy of the composer of "Gerontius" and the "Enigma Variations." He has a vivid imagination, and it might have been thought in spite of the failure of his Coronation music, that the splendour of the motive of the "Crown of India" would have stirred his genius to a corresponding musical glow. He is fond of experiments, and this opportunity was a new one. He was at one time said to be engaged on music for a grand ballet taken from Rabelais (it would have been pleasant to hear his delineations of Grangousier and Pantagruel), and thus one had come to think that a masque by Elgar might be the very thing in which he would succeed. We cannot say that he has done so. The book of the "Crown of India" is by Mr. Henry Hamilton, who must have fettered his muse according to the principle of Dryden's apology for his verses in "King Arthur": "These sorts of entertainments are principally designed for the eye and ear. Therefore, in reason, the librettist's art ought to be subservient to the composer's."

It is a dreary production—one that fails to excite any interest at all. The mounting is, of course, sumptuous, but the piece has no life. The music is appropriate, and that is the highest praise that can be given to it. It is dull, uninspired, made up of the clever orchestral mannerisms from which Sir Edward seems to find it difficult to free himself. The "Flag of England," very well sung by Mr. H. Dearth, is an advance in one important respect upon "Land of Hope and Glory," and the grotesque dance is happy enough. But we fear that, had the masque been performed and no composer's name given, the music would have received little attention. It might have been thought that it was by some young composer endowed with a curious gift of imitation, and deeply versed in all the Elgarian details and devices, from "Gerontius" to the Violin Concerto. Great Bacon had his say about masques: "Let the music be loud, not puling." We would not apply the latter epithet, in its literal sense, to the music of the "Crown of India," yet we have a suspicion that Bacon would not improbably have judged Sir Edward to be disobedient to his counsel.

Unless some great poet should arise, capable of writing verses which would be delightful to listen to for their own sake, we cannot help thinking that wordless masques would be more likely to become popular than such a rhetorical production as Mr. Hamilton's "Crown of India." The art of the Russian dancers, and "The Miracle" have recently shown us that action, without

a word spoken, but aided by the right music, can enchain our attention for the space of an evening's entertainment; and has not everyone felt at times that the music-dramas of Wagner would be very enjoyable even if the singers were suddenly afflicted with dumbness? We hope Sir Edward Elgar will write music for a fine ballet or a wordless masque, when he will not be hampered by an uninspiring text. It looks as if he had lost heart, feeling himself to be engaged on an unprofitable and hardly possible task while labouring over this "Crown of India," and one cannot wonder if he did.

In some important respects the concert given by Mr. Balfour Gardiner was the most interesting of all those heard last week, for it showed that there is real grit and power in a group of young British composers, who can speak for themselves and tell us their thoughts in a way that is not only new and striking, but good and pleasant to listen to. Mr. Bax, greatly daring, had taken words from "Prometheus Unbound," and set them for two sopranos, chorus, and orchestra, and, though he may not have succeeded in expressing Shelley as one could imagine a modern Schubert expressing him, his work contains much that is beautiful. Mr. Balfour Gardiner's ballad, "News from Whydah," is a real ballad—the best, we suppose, since Stanford's "Revenge"—picturesque, rhythmical, the music admirably illustrative of the words. Mr. Percy Grainger's work in the "Songs from the Faroe Islands," set in a most original manner, but one that completely justifies itself; his "Irish Tune from Londonderry," for unaccompanied chorus; and his choruses from the "Jungle Book" stamp him as one of the most interesting composers of the day. Anyone who can combine such skill of scholarship with such true poetic feeling, who can so unmistakably express himself while he enables us by his music to understand the words to which it is set—better, surely, than we could without it—may justly be called a composer of original power. Mr. Bell and Mr. Delius were worthy to stand in with the rest, though their merits, being better known, do not require re-statement. A word of hearty praise is due to the performers. Soloists, chorus (the London Choral Society, under Mr. Arthur Fagge), and the New Symphony Orchestra, all of them did their best, and it was very good.

Among the world's greatest pianists, both Sauer and Busoni are conspicuous, though we well remember how long a time had to elapse before the genius of the latter came to be generally recognised in England. The present writer may perhaps be pardoned if he recalls, not without a modest satisfaction, that his was one of only two or three voices which cried aloud in London from the very first that Busoni was a great pianist. This must have been fourteen or fifteen years ago. Now, at last, the Italian player can well-nigh fill Queen's Hall, and it is known that in a country more musical than ours he is not considered to have any superior. But he does not play better now than he did. He was always a great artist, a great master. We trust that his performance of Liszt's beautiful sonata, the other

day, converted some of those who were still so dull as to believe in the stupid British view of Liszt, opening their ears to the poetry and splendour of which the sonata is so passionate an example. But even Busoni is not likely to popularise the sonata, Op. 106, of Beethoven. Perhaps no one who cannot play the sonata will ever thoroughly understand its depths.

Herr Sauer, as he always does, attracted a large audience, and delighted it by the exhibition of his absolutely flawless technique and the chiselled symmetry of his designs. He is not one of the players whose warmth of feeling communicates itself electrically to his hearers. But in this there is compensation, for the hearer, not being overwrought and carried away by his own emotion, is able to follow the music with a special kind of clearness, and at the same time, if he will, can gain an insight into the technique of the pianoforte more vivid than that which he could receive from any other pianist.

SOME OLD THEATRES OF PARIS

The Comédie Française.—II

AFTER Louis XVI's fall, comedians who had repaired to the Variétés Amusantes were forced to call their playhouse the "Théâtre de la Liberté et de l'Egalité," which they soon changed to the still more patriotic appellation of "Théâtre de la République." Their old comrades, just liberated from prison, thanks to De la Bussière's generous but anonymous intervention, joined them once more, and the two troupes, reconciled, began their performances in 1794.

A new quarrel occurred, however, in 1795, and, led by Mademoiselle Raucourt, the famous actress, celebrated for her beauty, her talent, her wit, and her scandalous life, they went to occupy the Salle Feydeau, where they remained until 1797. It is related of La Raucourt that on her death-bed she declared smilingly: "This is the last scene I shall ever play—I must play it well!"

In 1797 they returned to the Odéon, where they stayed until that theatre was destroyed by fire, when they began again their peregrinations, and occupied successively the Théâtre de Louvois, the Opéra, and the Salle Favart. At last, in 1803, Napoléon ordered that a new theatre should be erected for the Comédie Française, to which he contributed a yearly subsidy of one hundred thousand francs. The new house was accordingly built in the Rue de Richelieu at the Palais-Royal, where it still stands to-day.

During the First Empire the performances were not extremely brilliant. But when Napoleon took a few

days of rest between his campaigns, he used to summon the Comédie Française to perform before him at whichever palace he was staying, either Fontainebleau, Saint-Cloud, Versailles, or Compiègne. Bonaparte professed a fervent admiration for Talma, from whom, it is said, he had received lessons of deportment. And M. Loiré, in his interesting book called "*Anecdotes de Théâtre*," tells us that one day when Talma was at Fontainebleau, where he had played the previous night in the rôle of Cæsar, the Emperor made the following remark:—

"You speak against the throne with too much conviction, with too much sincerity, whilst addressing Ptolemaeus in your first scene. Cæsar is not a Jacobin; he only protests against the authority of monarchs because he feels that the Romans are listening to him. He is far from being convinced that the throne, which is the object of his greatest desire, is so despicable. You ought to make one feel that he speaks in one way whilst thinking in another."

The Emperor had also a profound admiration for Mademoiselle Georges and Mademoiselle Mars, the two feminine stars of the Comédie Française of that period. Mademoiselle Georges conquered the proud conqueror of Europe, and Alexandre Dumas tells us how Napoleon treated this "sentimental business":—

Le Premier Consul fit dire à l'Hermione qu'il l'attendait à Saint-Cloud. L'invitation était brusque mais tout-à-fait dans les manières du Premier Consul. Dame, le Premier Consul était l'homme de Rivoli, d'Arcole, des Pyramides et de Marengo. Antoine avait bien ordonné à Cléopâtre de venir le joindre en Cilésie, Bonaparte pouvait bien dire à Hermione de venir le trouver à Saint-Cloud. Certes, non moins belle que Cléopâtre, elle aurait pu descendre la Seine sur une galère dorée comme l'autre remonta le Cydnus; mais c'eût été bien long. Le Premier Consul était pressé de faire ses compliments. Hermione entra à Saint-Cloud à minuit-et-demi; elle en sortait à six heures du matin. Elle en sortait victorieuse comme Cléopâtre; elle avait tenu le maître du monde à ses genoux.

During the Empire the Comédie Française continued to enjoy as great a vogue as ever, notwithstanding the absence of a great part of the French population, engaged in Napoleon's campaigns. In 1812 one of the most remarkable plays given was "*La Mort d'Henri IV*," by Legouvé, which, although obtaining a legitimate success, was violently criticised by some, who reproached the author for not having given his hero a sufficiently firm and frank character, and especially for having, without any proofs, attributed to Marie de Médicis the murder of her husband.

That was the epoch when patriotic and imperialist plays were warmly welcomed, and even during the crisis of the Hundred Days the performances of the Comédie Française continued, and the house was nearly always full.

Little Towns in France: Gien

LONG before starting from England, even, I had picked out Gien on my map and made a note of it. It was in the very centre of France; it was on the Loire; it would take me so many weeks, travelling by easy stages, to reach it from Le Puy. At Gien, therefore, I made the most elaborate arrangements to receive letters, picture postcards, love-letters, and, more important than all, letters of credit. I decided, too, in my own mind, that it would prove an enchanting town, and that I should stay there and have a great many adventures. I looked it up in Bædeker in the train from Cosne, but his utterance was more cryptic and non-committal than ever: "A town with 8,270 inhab., situated on the right bank of the Loire, 1¼ m. to the S. of the station, possesses an important Faïence manufactory. The town is commanded by a fine Château (now the Palais de Justice), dating from 1494, beside which is a church in the Classic style with a Gothic tower."

From that, you see, it might have been *any* sort of town. I saw the fine Château from the train, a few minutes after leaving Briare, also the Gothic tower, so that in ordinary circumstances there would have been absolutely nothing about the station at Gien to encourage one to alight.

This station is situated in the midst of a very melancholy plain—a plain bounded on one side by the river, along whose bank the town smiles and spreads itself, and boundless on the others. The one and a quarter miles between Gien and the railway (and what a distance it seemed!) I made in a very stuffy omnibus, my heart sinking at every flop and thud of the horses' hoofs. The inn, I discovered, was a large square house, newly fitted up, filled with commis-voyageurs, and, even at a first glance, pitilessly uninteresting. But I did not give up hope yet; I went out to explore the town. Alas! beautiful as the place undoubtedly was, with its crooked streets full of tall, gabled, fifteenth-century houses, and its long peasant quay with its rows of trees reflecting themselves in the Loire, you felt you had explored it in an hour; it suggested no "possibilities." Having explored it you were done, for Gien is effectively isolated (for the pedestrian) by its setting of flat green expanses across which you can see the roads winding white and dusty for miles. Only a hero would have the energy to proceed along one of them. No, emphatically Gien was a place to stop in for a morning or an afternoon, and pass on. I resolved to pass on to Orleans at once; first of all, though, I must pick up my letters.

The Post Office at Gien is new, and in the imposing style beloved of the Third Republic. It is all of gleaming white stone, and to enter it you have to put your shoulder and your weight against a heavy, self-closing door. I squeezed in and presented myself before the very official-looking young woman in a black overall and carefully protected cuffs, who presided over the Poste Restante. Her face, as I remember it, was the

very incarnation of bleakness. I exhibited my card and an addressed envelope and asked for my letters. I may have asked with some confidence, for I certainly imagined that they had waited for me at least a week. She swung the revolving pigeon-holes languidly round and made a cursory examination among the G's; and, yes, I think I detected a gleam of malice in the fish-like eye behind the gold-rimmed pince-nez, as she remarked impassively, "Il n'y a rien M'sieu!" I should have enjoyed tearing down her protecting cage of iron and giving that young woman a thorough shaking; instead, cursing, I sought a Pernod in the moth-bitten Grand Café du Loiret, most comfortless and dismal of its kind. So I should have to spend the night in Gien after all! I may as well state at once that—unhappy prisoner awaiting ransom at the Hôtel de l'Ecu—I spent a week there. I am sure it was the hottest week in an exceptionally hot year.

The town huddles low and airless by the steaming river, and how I lived through those days of exasperation I can't at all imagine. Gien had indeed played me false.

Long before the arrival of the registered letter that was to set me free, I felt like the oldest inhabitant. Commis-voyageurs by the dozen came and went; I remained. One of these, however, a M. Raimond, stayed rather longer than the majority, and, as comrades in misfortune, we attempted to console one another. Doubtless out of compassion for my obvious melancholy, he took me for a walk after dinner one beautiful hot evening. While the rich greens and the soft rosy tints of the sunset lingered on in the sky we sat on the stone parapet above the Loire, by the bridge. The faces of the houses on the other side of the river were become dark and their details indistinguishable, though the lines of the roofs and chimneys marked themselves out against the sky with exaggerated distinctness. I happened to notice just then that the apex of the bridge did not seem to be in the middle, a fact which spoils its symmetry when viewed from the quay. I remarked upon this to M. Raimond. "It was the Prussians," he said, with flashing eyes; "the whole of a night they bombarded the town, and the bridge was broken as you see. Ah, but we could crush them now!" he muttered, between clenched teeth. "They are afraid of us!" He put up an imaginary rifle to his shoulder, took cover behind the parapet and fired shot after shot. He showed himself altogether in a new light, the good M. Raimond—his, indeed, was a soul above the carded wool and knitting-needles in which he dealt.

We became intimate with a swiftness that was a little dizzying. He showed me a photograph of his wife and daughter, who resided at Bourges; then he proceeded to further confidences. He had been born at Gien—he would show me the very house; he had not revisited the place for twenty-six years; trade was not so good as it had been; during the years of his *service militaire* he had risen to be a corporal. . .

We set off to visit the house of M. Raimond's birth,

down a long street running parallel with the river to the far end of the town, nearly to the great Faïence works which form its only industry. It is quite a different place, the Gien of the end near the factory, from the old town nestling round the Château; dirtier and more vital. We stopped at last in front of a small baker's shop. M. Raimond, putting one podgy hand upon his heart, waved the other towards it, with pardonable pride: "It was in this humble little house that I was born," he remarked, emotion nearly choking his utterance. I took off my hat; it seemed the natural thing to do. Then we entered, invited down a narrow passage to the back room by the baker, a man of ample proportions, whose red neck bulged over a collarless shirt.

The room was very bare and plain, furnished only with a deal table and a few kitchen chairs, and lit by one guttering candle stuck in the neck of a bottle. It seemed to be full to overflowing with large females and small boys, and it was some time before I disentangled them. There was a mother, several aunts, and various kinds of children of both sexes. The aunts were very fat and seemed to swell over the table, breathing stertorously; and they had unfathomable memories for relationships. After M. Raimond had displayed the photograph of his wife and daughter, the baker begged us to "take something"—a drop of comfort. "Alas, but not for me because of my stomach," said the fattest aunt, with one little beady eye on the gin-bottle. "I suffer so much with my stomach."

A roaring sound came from the deepest abysses of the baker's frame as he reached down from the shelf a bottle labelled "Marc," and handed round the *petits verres*. The suffering aunt he helped first and most liberally, continuing all the time to roar inside himself. Charlot and Auguste, the two boys, had their poison diluted and mitigated by a lump of sugar. With the usual contempt of the Englishman for the potency of foreign drinks, I drank mine neat, with the others. I drank—and wept. I do not know of what "Marc" is manufactured—it is white like gin, and tastes like a kind of bastard brandy—but I trust that I may never encounter it again. The back of my gullet smarts now at the mere memory. We left hastily, leaving them grouped round their guttering candle—a Teniers-like "interior"—and M. Raimond and I returned to the Hôtel de l'Ecu. Thinking of the photograph that he had shown me (of the wife and daughter resident at Bourges) I was shocked to notice that my companion's equilibrium was far from perfect. . . .

The relieving letter arrived, thank goodness, the next morning, and I fled from Gien (like a released prisoner) by the first available train. My last memory is of a dog-cart race down the long dusty road that leads from the station to the town. Of the two little carts competing, one was driven by a stout woman who seemed at least twice as wide as the seat she sat on, the other, a milkman's, by two little boys dressed in black overalls. The old woman was nearly suffocated with laughter. The carts were drawn by big yellow dogs with open

mouths and slaving tongues—a breed very common throughout Beauce, Sologne, and the Orléannais—and swayed giddily from side to side as they turned the corner into Gien, and vanished out of my sight.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

The Genius of Peploe

By HALDANE MACFALL.

THERE is a display of paintings by the Scottish artist Peploe at the Stafford Galleries, over which it would be well for every art-lover to ponder. That display represents one of the most remarkable men of genius in painting to-day—a man whose influence is as prodigious as his life is modest and retiring. Amidst all the din of the studios, amidst cry and counter-cry, the serene work of this man stands out, one of the purest colourists of our generation.

It is strange that the two most original movements in British painting of our time should have been initiated in the North. Old Joseph Crawhall, with his chap-book woodcuts, set afire the romantic genius of James Pryde, and brought forth a fine endeavour in art, of which William Nicholson and Gordon Craig are brilliant masters. Craig is the widest-ranging poet of them all, and his large art has already had an astounding effect on the theatre of Europe, and is overwhelming the whole artistry of the romantic drama and opera. In the years to come his art will show in all its vast importance. The other school came from still farther north, initiated by Peploe. To understand its full significance we must go back awhile to its origins.

The realistic movement, of which Courbet was the powerful master, founding largely on the mass-realism of the Tenebrosi, had, by the mid-century, created a photographic school of painters who were losing the essential significance of art—artists who were imitating nature instead of uttering the impressions that life and nature aroused in their senses. In England a romantic realism lay under the false academic intention of the Pre-Raphaelites, and both Millais and Holman Hunt went out into the open and employed broken colour to utter the music that nature aroused in their vision—in so far, at least, with lesser powers, they strove to carry out a part of the stupendous revelation of Turner. But it was in France that Manet, taking up the vast achievement of painting where Velasquez and Frans Hals and Vermeer had laid it down, brought mass-impression to realism, and essayed to paint the impression in large masses of colour which uttered the mood of the thing seen. Whistler brought the revelation to England, with lesser powers, but exquisite vision. He saw life and nature in colour harmonies far lower in key than nature, but he made colour lyrical. It almost seemed, except for Brabazon and Sargent, that impressionism must fall into undertones, when the Scottish school arose, which essayed to place colour somewhat higher. Of the Scots

was young Peploe, who first of all mastered exquisite yet vigorous handling of paint under the revelation of Whistler; but he was soon in the open, and with fresh eyes saw the splendour of light, and early surpassed Whistler as a colourist, developing a lyrical utterance in colour of which Whistler had no knowledge. Peploe drew to him the vigorous genius of Fergusson, and later developed the colour sense of Joseph Simpson and other brilliant men—and women.

It is impossible to survey this small display of Peploe's work in London without being struck by the fact that in him we have one of the most original artists in Europe now living. He uses colour like music. If most of the pieces be on the sketchy side, there is not one that is not a poem in colour orchestration. His fine draughtsmanship, his unerring sense of arrangement, his consummate selection, all are but the means to the utterance of colour in such lyrical fashion that it "sings" in our eyes. There is no living man to surpass him in this lyrical use of colour. His range of subject is small enough, his outlook on life and his grip on the moods of life are narrow enough—as yet. But so far as he feels life, so far as life has made its impress upon his soul, he utters it with superb mastery. Granted greater passion, larger outlook, a wider ranging vision and imagination, his art would become of enormous significance.

Peploe has been called to no formal societies of painters, and probably has not the slightest wish for such recognition. Whilst art collection funds and art collection societies are given over to collecting old masters and second-rate specimens of second-rate modern masters, such master work as that of Peploe is passed by. Yet he is a wise man who collects such art as this; and when the cult for this second-rate Academician, and that New English Art Clubman, and the like, has the verdict of time passed upon it, the art of Peploe will be one of the treasures of great price. He who becomes the owner of a work by Peploe will live to bless the day. A body of official collectors for the nation who neglect to secure such treasure are unfit for their work; and the nation that neglects it deserves to pay for it a hundredfold, as it will one day pay for it and for the art of men of genius like Brangwyn and Brabazon. That day will inevitably come.

There are two small pictures of sand-dunes, not only exquisite in their green and grey harmonies, pulsing with light, but the very winds seem to impel the clouds across the heavens above. They are pure lyrics of the dunes, sweet and fragrant and wind-filled. There are paintings of still life, above all a piece of wizardry with a bottle, a glass, and some fruit, that are a joy for ever. The flower pieces are as fine. The seaside schemes, with women's dainty skirts aswirl—scenes throbbing with summer sunlight—are poems of colour. There are street scenes in which the sun makes holiday with all his bravery on white walls shimmering, and casts lilac shadows that glow with his reflected gold. Every small canvas a poem, every one a joy to possess. There is a portrait of a woman painted with pure flesh hues that

have been built up in masses as though a skilled sculptor swept in the forms with clay until the paint breathes life—flesh, with blood stirring beneath the flesh. Everything masterly and virile as it is exquisite, subtle, and delicate. The colours thrill the eye, so that one realises that here is a vision that sees pure colour in the world as our eyes have seen it, playing and counter-playing in its vivid subtlest harmonies—so that flesh shows flesh, the heavens as sunlit blue in the myriad leagues away, grass bleached to greyness by the fierce onslaught of the midday sun. Such faculty to see colour in all its tender gradations was given to none of the old masters. The vision is rare, the power to utter it most pitifully rare. When it is granted it should never be passed by.

This colour orchestration of Peplow's is typical of all that is vital in the arts to-day. Many are seeking false gods, many are playing with primal academism and other mimicries. It is said that Peplow is in Paris, concerned awhile with the fantastic business of scientific composition and the like academisms. But he, and the newer men with him, will shed that from them, and emerge, perhaps, with added strength. Artists are seeking to give the emotional significance of things instead of merely painting sticks and stones. The moment an artist realises that art is not the copying of nature he is on the way to salvation. And when all this toying with mimicry of primal man is done, the poets will burst into song. Not the least of the poets is Peplow, and not the least of the schools is the school that he has inspired and led and created.

Foreign Reviews

"DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU."

TWO centenaries and one bi-centenary are celebrated in the February number. Of the former one is easily divined, Tchaikowsky supplying us with the mnemonic; the story of the Moscow expedition is excellently retold by Colonel von Kurnatowski, who shows reason for discounting the "quem Deus vult perdere" that is often made to serve as commentary to this enterprise. Berthold Auerbach, the novelist of the Black Forest, is the other centenary. Herr Alter's masterly study of the Hungarian Revolution of 1848-9 is continued, and Herr Wolfgang Michael reprints a very important article, that has already appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, on the relations of England and Germany; he gives the history of these relations from the sixteenth century, and shows that they were steadily friendly; the present tension should not, and must not, last.

The bicentenary is the birth of Frederick the Great, and gives rise to three contributions of different kinds. Herr Herman von Petersdorff, author of a life of the great king, gives of his hero a portrait in which the colours also are of the heroic order. Frau Elisabeth von Moeller has a capital essay on Frederick as his-

torian of the Seven Years' War. The motives of the author are well analysed, and his high conception of literary duty is illustrated—"Ich lecke meine Kleinen, ich versuche sie zu glätten." Finally, a story by Frau Sophie Hoechstetter presents an episode from the life of Margravine Friederike Luise of Ansbach, Frederick's sister.

"LE MERCURE DE FRANCE."

The two February numbers are too full of good things for us to do more than hint at some of their contents. For February 1 there is a reprint of an article by Sir James Crichton-Browne disposing of part of the Froude legend about Carlyle's married life. M. Charbonnel treats of the sources of Lamartine's philosophy. M. de Pouvoirville speaks of the characteristics of colonial literature, and claims a pre-eminence in this *genre* for his countrymen. M. Paterne Barrichon keeps Arthur Rimbaud before our eyes; it is a powerful piece of writing, though the subject has become perhaps rather tiresome.

The second member contains a highly appreciative essay on "H. G. Wells et la Pensée contemporaine," by M. René Seguy. Among the "inédits" are some letters of Chateaubriand, as minister, written during the Spanish War of 1823, and a short essay by Sir Joshua Reynolds on the encouragement of talent and the necessity for enlightened patrons. M. Caussy shows Voltaire as squire and man of business at his estate of Gex, near Ferney, and M. Morel contributes some startling facts about the number of books printed in various countries. Interesting to readers of THE ACADEMY should be the sympathetic notices by M. Davray of Mr. Frank Harris' "Women of Shakespeare," and Mr. Darrell Figgis' "Shakespeare, a Study."

"LA REVUE."

The number for February 1 contains, by way of "Documents inédits," some letters of Marceline Desbordes-Valmore and the concluding article on Anatole de la Forge. M. Gabriel Compayré, illustrious master of "pédagogie," celebrates, in rather disjointed fashion, "Sa Majesté l'Enfant"; his analyses of some novels about children are illuminating; he regrets a common absence of simplicity. Baron d'Estournelles de Constant has entitled an article "Saint-Louis," but he has written principally—and wittily—on the Anglo-Saxon aversion to speaking foreign languages. M. J. Finot gives the introductory chapter of a new book on sexual relations; M. P. Chauvel writes with disquietude on the advance of Mahomedanism, and M. J. Viénot replies vigorously to M. Reclus' strictures on French Protestantism.

A heading that catches the eye in the second February number is "Ce qui manque en France": the thing lacking is a French equivalent of Dr. Barnardo's homes. "Lettres inédites" of Sainte-Beuve and Fromentin are presented to the world; the former's correspondent is Pierre Lebrun, while the latter's vivid and sincere letters are addressed to various friends, and

deal frequently with the progress of his painting. M. Emile Hinzelin's article on Belgium, and M. Faguet's reflections on the times of Philip-Augustus suggested by a posthumous work of M. Luchaire, are particularly good reading.

"LA REVUE BLEUE."

February 3.—An "enquête" is opened on the relation of Syndicalism to Parliamentary Government, on the lines of a distinction between professional and revolutionary Syndicalism. The two first excellent contributions to the debate are furnished by M. Paul Deschanel and the Russian statesman M. Kovalevsky, and the note is given to the former, who sees a real solution for future good-government in the rational exploitation of the Trades Union organisations; revolutionary Syndicalism is, on the other hand, nothing but a disaster and a danger for everybody. M. Paul Flat recommends the "Ligue Française d'Education morale," a non-sectarian body for promoting general morality. Emerson's unpublished diary is continued.

February 10.—In this and the next number M. Schuré has a finely imaginative account of the vanished continent, Atlantis. Signor Colajanni, an Italian pro-Turk deputy, discusses the "Psychologie de l'Expédition Italienne en Tripolitaine." Much of his diatribe rings true enough, but he has a slight access of patriotic hysteria towards the end, referring, in his native italics, to the English occupation of India as "le plus grand délit de tous les siècles." M. Jacques Lux has the first of a series of short causeries on Dickens—here on Dickens as a musician.

February 17.—The "enquête" on Syndicalism is continued, the witnesses being M. Vandervelde and the Swiss deputy M. Virgile Rossel; we are to expect Sir William Bull's evidence shortly. M. Barthou communicates an interesting letter by Sully Prudhomme on Italian painting. M. Maurice Lair diagnoses the situation in the German Reichstag, and M. Latreille has new material on Lamennais and his rupture with the Church.

February 24.—M. Jules Claretie tells the story of the famous actress Déjazet; M. Paul Gaultier is good on that popular theme, "L'Adolescence criminel," and there is a very judicious account of the Papal Index, showing how it defeats its own ends.

"REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE."

February 3.—M. Bastide reviews a translation of Mr. Churton Collins' "Voltaire, Montesquieu et Rousseau en Angleterre"; his congratulations to the author come unfortunately rather late. He also deals with a translation of Byron's letters, repeating the worn-out Continental dogma that this poet is not properly understood in England, and he reviews an American rehabilitation of John Dennis. M. Roustan discusses several books on Bismarck and modern Germany. Dr. Binet-Sanglé replies to M. Loisy.

February 17.—M. Fossey praises Mr. Garstang's "Land of the Hittites." "My" deals with Mr. R. J. Walker's ingenious hypothesis on Greek choric metres. M. Albert Waddington notices in some detail M. Bost's

"Prédicants Protestants des Cévennes et du Bas-Languedoc."

February 24.—M. Bréal notices the "Eulalie ou le Grec sans Larmes" of M. Salomon Reinach, who, in his turn, discusses the ninth masterly volume, by M. Perrot, of "L'Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité." M. Cournille speaks very highly of the Cambridge "Companion to Latin Studies," edited by Mr. Sandys. M. Henri de Curzon deals with the big work on Mozart of MM. de Wyzewa and de Sainte-Foix.

"L'ŒUVRE."

The February number is a strong one. Several articles discuss the present position of the drama in France from various points of view, and, *à propos* of the "acclimation" of Bernard Shaw, a characteristic letter of that writer to M. Lugné-Poe is given. Count Prozor continues his account of the wonderful Rosicrucian play, "La Porte de l'Initiation." M. Maurice Rostand contributes a poem, and M. Legrand-Chabrier writes about the work of Jean Lorrain.

March in the Rock Garden

SOMEbody once said something very pretty about daffodils and the winds of March. Countless nobodies have been saying the same thing ever since. Those who have succumbed to the charms of rock-gardening know that daffodils are but one among innumerable delights of the present season, for they are now, and have been for the last five or six weeks, enjoying to the full the fresh and dainty beauty of the earliest dwarf Alpines and bulbs.

In a carefully planned and thoughtfully planted rock-garden (we studiously shun the use of that dreadful word "rockery") there should be no perceptible gap between the last flowers of autumn and the first flowers of winter. That period of the year which in most gardens is a complete blank may be rendered bright with a number of varieties of winter-flowering crocuses—*Crocus Imperati* is nowadays so cheap that it may be planted in thousands—snowdrops, never forgetting *Galanthus cilicicus*, irises, for example *tingitana*, *persica*, *Heldreichi*, *histrio*, *histriodes*, *Danfordiae*, *ericas*, winter aconites, scillas, *chionodoxas*, cyclamens, hepaticas and so *ad infinitum*. One of the earliest of these little jewels which arrest the eye by their sheer brilliance of colour, so determined do they seem to make up by their exquisite quality that which they lack in size, is *Scilla bifolia*. One cannot have too many of these diminutive flowers peeping out from every odd corner. They may well be interspersed with that tiniest and earliest of daffodils, *Narcissus minimus*, which so cheerfully braves the tempests of winter—stout-hearted little fellow that he is.

The number of colour schemes which one may work out to one's heart's content at this season with but two colours—namely, blue and yellow—is amazing. There

can, for example, be no more charming picture than that presented by *Narcissus pallidus præcox* intermingled with *Hyacinthus azureus*, one of the most exquisite of all blues; and *Muscari Heavenly Blue* is a perfect foil for the Tenby daffodil, *Narcissus obvallaris*. Pale yellow polyanthus afford a pleasing background for the grape hyacinths, and primroses for *Scilla siberica* or *Chionodoxa sardensis*, the Glory of the Snow. But one must beware of attempting to contrast the acrid yellow of the Winter Aconite with any other colour in the world. Leave him severely alone.

Anemone blanda is lovely enough alone, but it also provides just that slight protective mat about the neck of the bulb for which choice daffodils are so grateful during a late frost. In my garden there are at the present moment, flowering side by side, two masses of *Anemone blanda* and *Anemone fulgens*, that incomparable scarlet windflower which I should like to see growing in great drifts twenty yards across. Next year I mean to try the effect of intermingling them. Few people appear to realise the possibilities of *Erica carnea* as a carpeting plant. It will give just the requisite shelter against the south-west winds which invariably arise on purpose to spoil the frail purple splendours of *Iris reticulata*, and the colour contrast is superb. In a good rock-garden there is always plenty of room for that sweetest and dearest of natives, the common primrose. But you have only to buy a few packets of seed of G. F. Wilson's blue primrose and set a plant here and there amidst the pale sulphur of the common variety to paint a delightful picture. The great thing in these matters is to avoid following blindly the colour schemes of other people. A few experiments made as the result of one's own observations may secure an artistic triumph, and the sphere of action is illimitable.

The feature which always strikes me most forcibly in most rock-gardens is the unskilful manner in which they are constructed. Until we become artists in stone, as the Japanese are, we shall never make any real progress. At present, unless one is an expert, the only safe rule to follow is, "Stratify your stones." If you live in a region devoid of natural rock, as is the fate of most gardeners who affect the cultivation of Alpines, the least you can do with that which you import is to try and make it look at home. Never mind the argument which will inevitably be levelled against you, that rock-gardening is unnatural. All gardening is unnatural. What can possibly be more wholly artificial than the herbaceous border? But who complains of that? If you are careful to stratify your stones and to preserve throughout your garden a uniform dip, with just a slight break here and there, then, once the plants have become established, your garden will look as if it had been thus for all time, as though it were a surviving remnant of prehistoric loveliness amidst the degenerate offspring of later days. If, on the other hand, you fail from the first to preserve such uniformity, your best efforts will never result in concealing from the critical eye the builder's refuse-heap air about your stonework.

There is one point upon which I must confess rank heresy. I know that ponds and pools and puddles are out of place in the strict Alpine garden. But personally I consider a water-garden to be an almost indispensable adjunct of the rock-garden proper. At the present moment *Primula rosea* and *Omphalodes verna*, growing side by side amidst the stones at the water's edge, form together one of the most satisfying harmonies of the whole year. And further, when, late in July and August, the Alpine garden, no matter what pains and forethought you may have exercised, will be looking dull and sleepy, the gorgeousness of the water-lilies will atone for the general lack of brightness.

What English gardeners have so far failed to realise is that which our allies in the Far East should have taught them long ago—the need for working out some definite plan for the construction of the garden as a whole before ever a plant is inserted. That is the reason why a true Japanese garden is intrinsically beautiful, its floral beauties being, as it were, mere accidental attributes. The second direction in which we have gone astray is in our failure to grasp, and, having grasped, to carry into effect, general principles. Once we become enamoured of the Alpine, we are not strong enough in will to resist the temptation of having "a little bit of everything." That is the most fatal mistake one can make. After many years of study and hard-won experience, I have arrived at the conclusion that the first factor of success in a rock-garden is not only to place one's rocks in bold masses, but also one's plants. Once that be done, the remainder will follow of its own accord.

"And more, think well; do well will follow thought," said the ancient sage. If our principles of construction and planting be good, our gardens cannot fail to be things of beauty. If not, then no amount of individual beauty in the flowers themselves will suffice to conceal the underlying ugliness.

R. E. N.

The Magazines

IN the *Fortnightly* Thomas Hardy gives us a poem, entitled "God's Funeral," in which he tells us that, to him, God is dead and about to be buried. This would account for the acute depression that seems to have visited him. The poem is sonorous with that peculiarly direct speech distinctive of Mr. Hardy's poetry; but we can assure him that his is quite an individual emotion: there are many to whom God is neither dead nor about to be buried, and who therefore find occasion for hope and courage in the world. Mr. S. G. Gardiner, in an article, "The Prospects of the Government," take unction to his soul by reason of "the legislative harvest of the last six years," and exhorts the Ministry to press forward with a full programme. It would be interesting to discover how many of these legislative reforms are administrative dead letters; and also to define the atti-

tude of the majority of the ministry to the demands of the altogether new democracy that has arisen. Mr. W. L. Courtney, in "Sappho and Aspasia," writes a balanced and learned article in which he does no more than simple justice in seeking to show that both these women, and particularly the former, owe the ill-fame that comes with the mention of their names, not to themselves, but to the Greek comic dramatists. They were not the only folk who suffered from the raucous laughter of Aristophanes and his fellows. Mr. Callicot, in "The Philosophy of Clothes," prints a document he has lately discovered, which he seems to suggest as having given a hint to Carlyle for "Sartor Resartus." It is difficult to see the least relevance. The idea of the artificial and false value created by clothes is no rare one in the minds of men—as Mr. Callicot's own citations are sufficient to prove. An important article that deserves to be widely read is that by Mr. S. Gelberg on "The Russian Consul-General and the Russian Jews."

There are a number of striking contributions in this month's *English Review*. M. Ivanof writes on "The Theatre of the Future" in an article where the indebtedness, if not the actual derivation, from Nietzsche's "Birth of Tragedy" is very marked. The article is translated by Mr. Stephen Graham; and we can only hope that M. Ivanof, who is, it appears, one of the "most brilliant" of modern Russian essayists, does not in his native language use quite the sledge-hammer style that his translator gives him. But the matter needs, and will, one way or another, have to receive, careful attention. The coming of a drama where the scene shall be created by music, whether of words in poetry or instruments in an orchestra, is indicated in many tendencies—and nowhere more clearly than with such workers as Gordon Craig, who applies the reverse of the logic and seeks to make scenery and action independent of words. Mr. Henry Newbolt continues his "New Study of English Poetry," and takes for his text the subject of Rhythm. There is not a very great deal that is new in his remarks, which is another way of saying that there is not much new to be said. Moreover, poetry is what poets make it; and such poets are not much inclined to be ruled by anything outside their own instinct, right or wrong, as to what may be the fit habiliment for the thing they have to deliver. Nevertheless, such studies have their use in stirring up a wider interest; but to do so to the best effect, surely Mr. Newbolt would have been wise had he distinguished more clearly between new rhythms and non-rhythms. Not all that calls itself rhythm is rhythmic, however much it may declare itself as "moving more faithfully to the inward rhythm," as anyone who has attempted to read the post-Chaucerians will readily discover. Mr. Austin Harrison has a rousing article on the relation of ship-building to the proposed German understanding, entitling it "Lord Haldane and the Lorelei." Mr. Rowland Kenney, in a paper that is very illuminating in view of the present labour crisis, indicates "The Brains behind the Labour Revolt." To those whom the present troubles perplex it will be found a reasoned and historical explanation. More, it shows,

what is not often recognised, that the present revolt is not now only an instinct, but a reasoned and organised discipline.

Prince Kropotkin re-enters the *Nineteenth Century* after a lengthy lapse, with an examination of the "Inheritance of Acquired Characters." Those who know his work will not need to be told about the clarity of his thought and the width of his knowledge. It is only necessary to say that those who wish to realise the various difficulties that lie in the way of such inheritance, difficulties raised by Weissmann, will do well to read this essay, where they are arraigned and dealt with. Mr. D. S. MacColl replies to Mr. Frederic Harrison in an article entitled "'Ugliness,' 'Beauty,' and Mr. Frederic Harrison." He puts his finger on the essence of the matter in using the word "tragic" in his definition of, and his defence of, Realism. When realism is tragic, realism is unimpeachable. But how much of the realism with which he deals is tragic? Excepting the best of Rodin, even the most of Rodin, we dare venture to say, none of it. Tragedy exalts and purges—and when does Zola that? Or Gorki? Or, for that matter, much as we admire Rodin, does "La Vieille Heaulmiere" exalt? And to speak of tragedy apart from exaltation as tragedy is to speak as "extra-specials" write. An admirable article is that by Mr. W. S. Lilly on "Cardinal Newman and the Catholic Laity." It is, as its title suggests, based on Mr. Wilfred Ward's late biography.

What will appeal to most as the first thing to be read in the *Cornhill* will undoubtedly be "Henry Labouchere," by Mr. G. W. E. Russell. There are some good stories, but it is much too short to bring us at all near the man. Mr. W. H. Hudson proves once again the perennial fascination of nature in "The Temples of the Hills." *Blackwood's* are not always happy in the poetry they print, and Eleanor Farjeon's "Colin Clout, Come Home Again," is no more than facile and elegant verse. But there is the substance of much poetry in a fascinating article by W. A. Craigie on "The Norwegian 'Vardögr.'" It is true that "The idea of premonition or foreknowledge, that instinct by which one feels that something is about to happen without being able to give a definite reason for the belief, is not familiar to most people, but has in recent years become a subject of serious study." And in that study emerges the fact that these things that so lately were ruled out as against reason and beyond belief, are always in most power in those places of the earth where people are not herded in towns and taken away from the heart of Nature. Which, rightly considered, is the strongest proof of their truth.

In the *International Journal of Ethics* there are two articles that the reader should not miss. The first is by the editor of the *Quest*, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, on "The Doctrine of Re-incarnation Ethically Considered," and the second is by Mr. Horace M. Kallen on "The Essence of Tragedy." They both, and in ways more nearly alike than appears at first sight, leave one thinking on the problems that underlie all life. In *The Open Road* this month M.

Augustin Hamon concludes his essay on "The Technique of Bernard Shaw's Plays." This is the fourth instalment, and the whole four numbers are worth purchasing for the sake of this essay. It goes without saying that there is much to disagree with, for M. Hamon often takes for technique what Mr. Shaw probably meant as a defiance of technique; but the article is thought-provoking. The translation is effective, though it errs sometimes from being too exact, from not having sufficient of graceful paraphrase.

Notes and News

The next meeting of the Royal Geographical Society will take place on April 1st, in the Theatre, Burlington Gardens, when Mr. A. M. Kellas will lecture upon "The Mountains of Northern Sikkim."

Eight tennis-courts, five of which will be open to the public, are to be a feature of the "White City" Exhibition this summer. They have been specially prepared with turf brought from a Yorkshire moor, and the grass, we understand, is "guaranteed to go through a season's hard wear without showing a patch."

The Anglo-French Association proposes a tour in France at Easter, the party to be limited to thirty in number, the route to include Paris, Avignon, Tarascon, Nîmes, Arles, etc., with various excursions, one of which will be with the object of visiting the poet Mistral. The Secretary is Mrs. B. Sands, 110, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

Mr. Maurice Elvey announces that in addition to Miss Gertrude Kingston, the cast of Tchekhof's play, "The Seagull," which the Adelphi Play Society is giving at the Little Theatre on March 31, will include Madame Lydia Yavorska (Princess Bariatinsky). The play was first read by Tchekhof himself in her house in St. Petersburg.

Forthcoming lectures at the Royal Society of Arts are as follows:—Monday, March 25, 8 p.m., Noel Heaton, B.Sc., on "Materials and Methods of Decorative Painting" (2nd lecture); Tuesday, March 26, 4.30 p.m., Leonard Lovegrove on "British North Borneo"; Wednesday, March 27, 8 p.m., Theodore E. Salvesen on "The Whaling Industry of To-day"; Monday, April 1, 8 p.m., Noel Heaton on "Materials and Methods of Decorative Painting" (3rd lecture).

Messrs. Herbert and Daniel will publish on Monday next, the 25th inst., "The Heart of a Russian," by M. Y. Lermontov, translated by J. H. Wisdom and Harr Murray. This is a translation of the Russian masterpiece which under the title of "A Hero of Our Time," has enjoyed on the Continent a vogue comparable to Alfred de Musset's "Confessions d'un enfant du siècle," and is specially interesting to English readers as revealing the influence of Lord Byron upon the author, a close friend and disciple of Pushkin.

A meeting of the Library Assistants' Association was held on March 13 at 24, Bloomsbury Square, with the President (Mr. Berwick Sayers) in the chair. A resolu-

tion was carried protesting against the appointment of untrained candidates as Librarians, and papers were read by Miss Ethel Fegan, M.A., of the Ladies College, Cheltenham, on "Non-Municipal Librarianship," and by Mr. C. J. Turnell, M.A., of the London Library, on "The Subject-Index of the London Library." Both papers were keenly discussed. The next meeting of the Association will be held at the British Museum on Wednesday afternoon, April 7, when Mr. G. K. Fortesque, LL.D., Keeper of the Printed Books, will speak.

In celebration of the 25th anniversary of the foundation of the English Goethe Society, the Council resolved to establish a Goethe Scholarship Fund. It is proposed that the revenues of the Fund be employed to found an annual Scholarship, to assist the holder in carrying on, in Germany, special Goethe research work. The Fund was inaugurated at the banquet at the Trocadero on July 5 last by a special donation of £500 from Mrs. Ludwig Mond, and it is hoped that members and friends will respond to the appeal for further donations. The address of the Secretary is 129, Adelaide Road, N.W.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

IN introducing the Naval Estimates on Monday, Mr. Churchill correctly described the present age as one of "violence and deep-seated unrest." During the past week there have been ominous signs that we are again approaching an international crisis of first magnitude. Little definite news has been allowed to leak out. But if, as is supposed in some quarters, a *coup d'état* is contemplated, then it might be argued that the absence of authoritative information is in itself a circumstance of some significance. It is known with tolerable certainty that in more than one capital of Europe diplomatic circles are disturbed, and it may be found that the belated decision of the Government to take drastic action towards ending the Coal Strike was not altogether uninfluenced by the foreign situation. In these days of abrupt diplomacy, when treaties are no longer regarded as pledges of honour between the nations, the world may be shocked but it will hardly be surprised by any development, no matter how startling. The reports which have given rise to the present feeling of uneasiness originated with the recall of M. Tsharykoff, the Tsar's Ambassador in Constantinople. Two reasons are given for this severe disciplinary measure. It is stated that the ex-Ambassador, acting entirely on his own initiative, raised the question of the opening of the Dardanelles, and that later, realising how distasteful such a policy would be to the Committee of Union and Progress, he declined to second the efforts of his own Foreign Minister in the direction of securing peace between Turkey and Italy. Whatever truth there may be in these assertions, it is clear that the dismissal from his post of so eminent an ambassador as M. Tsharykoff was not decided upon without serious reason. Hitherto

in Russia he had been regarded as one of the most brilliant members of the diplomatic service. His name was mentioned as a probable successor to M. Izvolsky, and again to M. Sazanoff, when that statesman, owing to ill-health, was compelled temporarily to relinquish his duties as Minister of Foreign Affairs. While owing to the obstruction of the Ambassador at Constantinople matters were at a deadlock so far as Turkey was concerned, Russian diplomacy made some headway at Rome, inasmuch as it induced Italy to set forth the terms upon which she would be prepared to conclude peace. The view is held that these terms show a proper respect for the *amour propre* of Turkey. It is believed that no explicit treaty recognising the sovereignty of Italy in Tripoli is required. The withdrawal of the Ottoman troops, however, is insisted upon as a preliminary to an "agreement" defining the *status quo* that the authority of the Sultan is religious, not administrative, judicious, or political.

Naturally Russia was not without self-interest in seeking to restore peace. The placing of mines and the extinction of lights in the vicinity of the Dardanelles is a menace to her shipping; and, generally speaking, the existence of a state of war causes not a little inconvenience to the valuable trade in grain from the Black Sea. Furthermore, the internal situation of the Ottoman Empire has given rise to considerable anxiety in St. Petersburg lest, with the advent of spring, the long-deferred "trouble in the Balkans" should become a dread reality. The Cretan question is again in the forefront. Then Albania is seething with unrest. Finally, the leaders responsible for the revolutionary activity in Macedonia have administered a rebuff to the Government mission dispatched to the scene with the object of compromising with them. They have boldly declared that no reforms will satisfy them; their one and only aim is to secure autonomy through European intervention, and it is their intention to carry on the revolution until they are successful. Nor is the outlook in Constantinople itself any more reassuring. The Court-Martial still remains, and further severe restrictions have been placed upon the Press and upon the right of public meeting.

Seemingly the Ottoman Empire possesses no statesmen who, in face of public opinion at home, dare put a end to the Turco-Italian conflict. The view prevails in Constantinople that every day that the war is prolonged brings nearer the inevitable exhaustion of Italy's resources. Even the considerate nature of the terms offered has produced an undesirable effect upon the minds of Turkish statesmen, who fancy that they can detect signs of yielding on the part of Italy. Moreover, they never cease to cherish the idea that fear of complications will induce the Powers to exert pressure at Rome. But in the contemplation of forlorn hope the Ottoman Empire has lulled itself into a slumber which strangely resembles death. Gradually out of the mysterious haze which accompanies the workings of High Diplomacy one cannot fail to note the signs that portend the grouping of a formidable array of Powers whose

aim is either to compel peace or, as the alternative, to dismember Turkey. Since the passing of Count Arenthal from the scene there has been something in the nature of a *rapprochement* between Russia and Austria. In this connection it is important to observe that in Vienna the Italian terms of peace are looked upon as "large." It is clear, then, that if Turkey does not end the war, the war will end Turkey.

I have summarised what may be described as some of the under-currents which led Russia to take the initiative towards mediation. The feeling of uneasiness which undeniably exists throughout Europe, however, rests upon the circulation of definite reports the truth or otherwise of which cannot be determined. These reports had their origin in a statement telegraphed to a Vienna newspaper from its Berlin correspondent, who, it is said, enjoys exceptionally friendly relations with the Foreign Office in the German capital. It was asserted that joint action between Rome and St. Petersburg was being negotiated, in accordance with which, while Italy attacked the Dardanelles, Russia was to carry out similar operations in the Bosphorus. The dispatch further stated that: "Russia cannot allow her grain trade between the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles to be disturbed. Here, then, is the basis upon which, perhaps, a Russo-Italian understanding, impossible under other circumstances, could be reached. In addition to this, serious anxiety prevails in St. Petersburg lest the prolongation of the war should cause disturbances in the Balkans in the spring. In any case, the conversations which are now proceeding between Rome and St. Petersburg contain elements that may prove dangerous for Turkey. M. Tsharykoff, hitherto a hindrance to a *rapprochement* between the two Powers, is now dismissed."

On Monday, two days after the above message was published, there was an all-round heavy drop in prices on the St. Petersburg Bourse which reacted throughout the European stock markets. In the Russian capital, where the banks and financial circles are in close touch with the Government, the Bourse is not altogether an unreliable barometer. On the following day the Vienna correspondent of the *Times* telegraphed to his journal in the following terms: "However much or little truth there may be in the rumours of a Russo-Italian agreement for joint action against the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, it is quite certain that if the Committee (of Union and Progress) obstruct a tolerable settlement, a hard blow will be hit at some vital spot of the Ottoman Empire."

Apart altogether from the general situation arising out of the Turco-Italian conflict it is no secret that the relations between Russia and Turkey have long been unsettled. We have dealt with this aspect of foreign affairs on more than one occasion in the columns of THE ACADEMY. It would seem now that events have taken a critical turn.

Previous to the Potsdam agreement, as a result of which Germany recognised the paramount position of Russia in North Persia, German activity, doubtless inspired by Turkish ambition, was conspicuous in the

region of Lake Urmia. Among other concessions it was sought to run a steamship service on the lake. Since that time Germany has withdrawn from the field, but the pretensions of Turkey have not been relinquished. Russia, unable to secure satisfaction as a consequence of diplomatic representations at Constantinople, has long been strengthening her army in the Caucasus, and recent reinforcements have been on an enormous scale. Meanwhile similar movements of Turkish troops have been directed towards the north-west Persian frontier. Early this week it was definitely stated that the Anatolian Army Corps was advancing on the Urmia region. An official denial from Constantinople, coupled with the announcement that assurances acceptable to Russia had been given, was not received with the least credence in St. Petersburg, where, on the other hand, the assertion is made that Turkey is daily reinforcing her army on the frontier, and that she has actually invaded territory indisputably Persian. The Caucasian railway system now extends to Julfa, which is situated within one hundred miles of the Urmia region. Russia, therefore, is in a favourable strategical position to strike in the event of war.

From the remarkable chain of circumstances which I have narrated it will be realised that there is ample justification for the widely held opinions that dark clouds are gathering over the European horizon. Nor when we look in other directions do we find symptoms any more reassuring. The negotiations between France and Spain over Morocco are at a deadlock, and the unfriendly reception accorded Mr. Churchill's frank speech by the Berlin Press is regarded as the death-knell of an Anglo-German *rapprochement*.

MOTORING

THE Brooklands racing season of 1912 opens on Easter Monday, April 8th, with the following programme—eight events for cars, two for motor-cycles, and a flying competition. The first-mentioned comprise two handicaps, one over about three and one over about eight miles, for cars the maximum speeds of which are under 70 miles an hour; two handicaps, over about six and nine miles respectively, for cars which can do 70 miles an hour or more; a handicap confined to Mercedes cars of all classes and ages; the "First Hybrid Stakes," for "cycle-cars," i.e., the little mono and duo four-wheelers which form the connecting link between the motor-cycle and the car proper, and which look like becoming very popular for run-about purposes this year. The aeroplane handicap, which is an out-and-home cross-country race over about ten miles, open to all classes of heavier-than-air machines, will provide the most attractive feature of the meeting to the ordinary spectator.

To-day (Saturday) there is to be an entertainment at the Royal Automobile Club to celebrate the first anniversary of the opening of the new club-house. It is restricted to members and their gentlemen guests, and

will consist of fencing, swimming, diving, water-polo, and possibly boxing and wrestling. The growth of the Club since the initiation of the scheme by which the numerous provincial clubs were able to become associated with it has been satisfactory, there being, at the end of last year, no fewer than 126 affiliated organisations, and a total membership of nearly 27,000. During last year the ranks of the fully-fledged members of the Club were increased by 1,108.

Another world's record for non-stop engine running has just been broken—this time in America. A cable-gram received on the 3rd inst. from Oakland, California, states that a "Warren" has covered 10,380 miles in a road test, the engine running continuously night and day without a single stop. If duly authenticated by the A.A.A., this feat shows that there are some American cars which can be relied upon.

Developments of an important nature in connection with the Automobile Association and Motor Union may be expected at an early date. Details are being withheld for the present, but it may be assumed that the action contemplated will constitute a practical reply to the recent "challenge" from the R.A.C.

Never in the history of the motor industry were there such opportunities as there are at present of securing first-class second-hand cars at prices almost ludicrously out of proportion to their intrinsic value. Doubtless the influx of cheap American cars has contributed largely to bring about this state of affairs, as the motoring community, like all other sections of society, contains a large number of individuals to whom absolute up-to-dateness is a *sine qua non*. Whether the buyers of the low-priced new cars, of which little or nothing as regards durability is known at present, are wise or not is another matter. One thing is certain, namely, that the judicious buyer can now secure a good sound car of admittedly first-class make and in perfect running order at an absurdly low price, simply because it is second-hand and of a type a year or two old. Glancing over the show-rooms of Messrs. McCurd, Limited, of Store Street, Tottenham Court Road—the firm which has the unique record of eight years' trading in second-hand cars without incurring a single law-suit—the writer noticed the other day a 35 h.p. 1909 Clement-Talbot touring car, complete with hood, screen, five lamps and Stepney wheel, and guaranteed perfect in every detail, to be sold for £235. The original price of this was considerably over £700. The same firm also had a 10-12 h.p. De Dion, genuine and fully licensed, a five-seater with detachable tonneau, in appearance practically equal to new, for sale at £75 complete, and ready for the road. These examples may be taken as indicative of the general state of the second-hand industry at the present moment—due largely to the American "invasion."

Realising how much the maintenance of a car's reputation depends upon the way in which it is treated by its driver, Messrs. Edge, Ltd., have decided to institute a competition for drivers of privately-owned Napiers, to encourage them to secure the most economical running and best possible results generally from their cars. Six

awards are to be given, ranging from £50 to £10, the period covered being from April 1 to September 30 of this year. Drivers whose cars are entered in the competition will be required to send in monthly reports of mileage and running expenses to Messrs. Edge, duly attested by the owner of the car. Entry forms, which must be returned on or before March 31, will be supplied on application to the firm. Napier owners will obviously find it to their advantage to see that their drivers enter the competition. The certain result will be reduced running expenses and greater care of a fine car.

The *Austin Advocate* is a monthly periodical edited by Mr. H. Welsh-Lee and published by the Austin Motor Company, Limited, of Northfield, near Birmingham. In addition to articles of special interest to Austin owners, such as those headed "Repairs" and "Austin-Sankey Steel Wheels," it contains a characteristically practical contribution from the pen of Lord Montagu, dealing with two motoring problems which urgently call for solution, a humorous article by Mr. Alex. Gray, a useful guide to touring in Holland, and a very interesting description of a week's travels through Northern Albania—the whole excellently and lavishly illustrated in black-and-white and colours.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

A SUDDEN tremor came over the markets at the end of last week—one of those unaccountable attacks of nerves to which the Stock Exchange is so subject. But such spasms seldom come unless the buying has been too profuse. For ten days we had really good business. Investors believed that the strike would either not come at all or quickly end, and speculators, tired of doing nothing, had stormed various markets with great courage. Then, suddenly and with apparently little warning, the whole position changed. The wildest stories were circulated through the House with regard to the foreign situation. It was declared that a Continental war was inevitable, that Russia intended to bring up the question of the Dardanelles, that Italy would bombard Constantinople, and that Austria meant to have her share in the partition of Turkey. There was nothing particularly new in any of these stories; they have all been talked about for months past, but such talk has no effect upon a stock exchange that is "bearish." It is only dangerous when there are "bulls."

The sensation of the week has, of course, been the collapse in the Tin Market. All Friday morning those behind the market were busy buying 500 shares and selling 1,000, and when they had got out of everything they banged prices as hard as they could. Seldom has the House seen such a scene. Every jobber had known for days past that the position was hourly growing more dangerous, but it is very difficult for a man inside the market who is dealing in thousands of shares every hour to keep cool. All his energies are attracted to preserving a fairly even book, so that in the event of a collapse he may not find himself a "bull," or, in case a sudden rise comes, he may not be short. A market such as that in

Anglo-Continental is a risky market to job in, and when the dealers found big blocks offered them, they at once thought that the boom was over and stampeded. Ever since four o'clock on Friday the Tin dealers have been completely demoralised. I have persistently warned my readers against this market. There was no justification at all for the sudden rise. It is preposterous to imagine that Anglo-Continental possesses a reef nine miles long, that the average width for a mile and a half is 30 feet, and the average value 25 per cent. in tin. Even supposing that the tin only goes 70 per cent., with tin at £190 a ton, this would mean a value of over £33 per ton. Such figures are simply fanciful, for no human being in his senses can imagine a shrewd person like Edmund Davis selling shares in a bonanza such as this.

No doubt, there is a good deal of tin in Nigeria. That has been conclusively proved by the monthly returns of the companies that are already producing. But that this tin exists in vast quantities there is no proof whatever. I have before stated that my information from Nigeria leads me to believe that the best propositions are Anglo-Continental, Tin Areas, Bisichi and Rayfield, with perhaps Narraguta, and that these companies will produce from two to three thousand tons of tin during the current year seems quite certain. It is possible that Nigeria, when it has been thoroughly prospected and when the railway has opened up the country, will take second place to the Straits Settlements. But this will take a long time. The Tin boom, at the moment of writing, looks like dying. I think, however, that on the opening of the railway considerable quantities of tin oxide will be sent down, and the returns of the companies will largely increase, at any rate for the time being. This will probably produce a recrudescence of the boom. We have not heard the last of Nigerian tin, but we must not forget that Mr. Edmund Davis, who manipulates the market, is one of the shrewdest gamblers in the City of London. He probably considers that the events of the last fortnight are a mere flash in the pan. When he comes to real business we shall all be astounded. Certainly, the present moment is the time to be out of Tin shares. Gamblers who like a flutter must wait before they jump in again, but they will have to be extremely smart if they think that they can play the game of speculation better than the shrewd Jews who run this Tin gamble. It is the business of this clique to get out at the top and in again at the bottom, and it is also their business to see that the public buy at the top and are shaken out to a man at the very lowest levels.

There has been very little trading in new issues. The Forum Tin was well subscribed, and the Central Lafon also went well. The applicants for the Preference shares in Leach's Argentine Estates only received 5 per cent. of what they applied for, and a good market sprang up when the allotment letters were received. The Lamport and Holt issue came out at an unfortunate moment, but it had the backing of Lord St. Davids, Sir Owen Philipps, and Lord Pirrie, and was a quite sound investment.

MONEY.—There is still a stringency in Berlin, and this will keep money fairly firm until the end of the quarter. But if the strike ends before then, and nothing unforeseen happens in Continental politics, there is no reason why our Bank of England should not reduce its rate. The country is, of course, taking a considerable amount of money for use during the strike. But although it wants cash for strike funds, the demands for trade must fall off. The slump of the past few days on the Stock Exchange has considerably reduced the "bull" account, and the House lenders of money are not uneasy and can readily supply their clients. There is again a stringency in "floaters." It will be remembered that once before the Government paid off bills in preference to paying off the debt, and it would seem that they are now doing the same thing. The joint stock bank of the present day must keep a large amount of its money entirely liquid.

and the best way to do this is to buy Treasury Bills, which are always falling due and always being renewed.* All the bill discounters also require these Treasury Bills in order that they may deposit them with the banks as security against loans. Therefore, a shortage in "floaters" is an unpleasant thing for Lombard Street. Some years ago, when Mr. Asquith was Chancellor of the Exchequer, there was a serious shortage, and it looks as though the Asquith policy were to be pursued again. It is said that the Government hope by thus manipulating the market in "floaters" to force bankers and dealers in money to buy Consols in lieu of Treasury Bills. I do not think that they will succeed. There has been some talk for the past week of all the banks combining to refuse to lend money to the Trade Unions on their securities, and this is spoken of as a necessary and patriotic act. It has been openly declared that some of the banks have refused to make advances to the Trade Unions, and one paper suggested that a bank having a good many Trade Union accounts, and consequently making a good many advances, should be pilloried, and that its name should be published and held up to public obliquy. Such rubbish makes one feel very sad. It is the business of a bank to lend money on the best possible terms, and on the best security. A Trade Union is a perfectly legal body, and no bank has any right whatever to refuse facilities to a customer merely because its manager may hold political opinions that are opposed to those of the would-be borrower. The manager is the servant of the directors, and the directors are the servants of the shareholders.

FOREIGNERS.—The financial group who control Chinese finance are determined not to allow China to borrow any money except through them, and as all the Governments are backing this group, the unfortunate Chinese financiers will have some difficulty in getting their loan through. It seems to me that Great Britain has not the proportionate preponderating influence in the affairs of China that her trade justifies. She does well over 50 per cent. of the Chinese business, and the only country that in any way comes near her is Japan, who does about 15 per cent. Germany only has 4 per cent. Yet it is popularly supposed that she controls the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, and she certainly makes herself felt in a very obtrusive manner. The United States trade with China is very small. Yet the United States insists upon its share in all the financial business that is going. The Japanese financial figures to hand up to the end of December show an increase in the ordinary revenue of 11½ million yen, but an advance in the extraordinary revenue of nearly 45 million yen. Thus the total revenue has fallen 33½ million yen on the year, whereas the total expenditure shows an increase of nearly 64 million yen. This is a very serious position. For last year revenue showed an excess over expenditure of nearly 61 million yen, whereas this year expenditure shows an increase over revenue of over 36 million yen. Japan has reduced the internal debt, and the external one has fallen 74 million yen on the year, whereas the floating debt has increased 58 million yen, so that the total debt of the country has only fallen 16 million yen during the year. It will be interesting to note how far the bank-note issue of the Bank of Japan has altered during the period. It is quite clear that Japan is becoming more and more embarrassed each year, and how it proposes to increase the taxation to meet the additional expenditure no one seems to know. The country is already taxed to the uttermost. There is a growing feeling in the City against Japanese securities, and the price is only kept up because the Government supports its own market. No one was surprised at the slump in St. Petersburg. The Russians have been heavy gamblers for the past twelve months, and they have been wildly buying every conceivable kind of industrial and mining share. Most of the business has been financed in Paris, and we presume that the Paris bankers have at last decided on a shake out. The slump will only indirectly

affect London, as English speculators have kept out of everything except Lenas. That the slump is in any way connected with politics I do not believe.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway Market has been very dull. This is hardly surprising when we remember that the strike is now being felt acutely. If it lasts another fortnight all the railways in the Kingdom will find their dividends threatened, for it will be impossible to regain the traffics. The railway strike last year, although it cost the companies a considerable sum of money, only affected traffics temporarily. The present strike will actually destroy business, and cause a loss which will never be regained. Therefore I again repeat my advice of last week to keep out of railway stocks until the strike is over. Had not the Stock Exchange been very short of shares, we should have seen a much bigger slump.

YANKEES.—There is still no business in the American Market, and the dealers in London have practically nothing to do. Nevertheless, bankers on the other side are beginning to look for fresh business and talk more hopefully. They will find it difficult to get in the English speculator. He never comes in except on the top of a raging, tearing boom. Very few people have the courage to buy American rails at the bottom. Indeed, practically no one but a banker ever does this.

RUBBER.—Some of the dealers in the Rubber Market are quite confident that we shall see a boom in Rubber shares. I am quite unable to find any reason for a boom here, for prices, although not high, are still too high to tempt the buyer. The Harpenden report showed a very reasonable profit, and the dividend for the year is 110 per cent. This, on the estimated crop for the current year, should be maintained, and at £9 Harpenden shares are a fair Rubber investment, for the capital is only £30,000, and the capitalisation is very low. The company has just added to its acreage, and it does not appear to have paid too much for the block.

OIL.—Even the Oil Market felt the slump in speculative securities. But the talk about oil fuel still continues. Egyptian Oil Trust have been weak, and Eastern Petroleum, in which there is also a deal on, are now quoted 20s.; whilst Red Seas, which is another speculative favourite, are 22s. 6d. Ural Caspians at 32s. 6d. have not moved since the make-up. It is said that the British Roumanian and the Roumanian Oil Company intend to amalgamate. They are both in the same stable, and the amalgamation will probably save money to both companies. It seems to me that there may be a revival in the Oil Market, for prices are very high, and the good companies, such as Shell, Burma, and Spies, must be doing well. The big New Zealand Oil Company is not yet out, although it is being talked about.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—The little flutter in the Mining Market has died down, and the dealers are now probably sorry that they bought back. Aurora West is making a new arrangement of capital, and is writing its shares down to 10s., and increasing the number with the idea of giving General Mining and Finance shares in lieu of the cash they have lent the company. Thus Messrs. Albu will have a marketable security in place of a paper debt. The profit made by Aurora West works out at hardly more than 4s. 6d. a ton, and it is not a share that I can recommend.

There has been quite a little boom in Electric Lighting shares, and although it has slackened off during the last few days, all prices have risen considerably. Various stories are going about with regard to City of London, which jumped up to £19, and it is now said that City of London, County of London and Westminster have made a deal with the Diesel Oil Engine Company. To-day all the Electric Lighting shares except City of London yield an investor well over 5 per cent., and they may be safely bought. But Citys appear to me to have been marked up too rapidly.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ILLEGALITY OF STRIKES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—From a strictly economic point of view, and therefore from a point of view of constitutional legality, there should be no strike on the part of the miners, since the interests of the latter, which are wholly economic interests, cannot be served other than by a capital form of debit; that is to say, a labour form of credit. For what, as a matter of strict economic right, does a strike mean? It means the choice of financial loss on the part of the workers in order to secure financial gain. Thus strikes can never be held to advance the interests of Labour, because they merely play into the hands of Capital. Strikes simply amount to fights or revolutions, carried on by the aid of capital, in which the longest pockets are bound to win. The question of their legality thus becomes absolutely ignored.

Now if Labour desires to secure financial gain, it must seek some form of procedure which does not involve it in financial loss, that is to say, it must adhere to some form of procedure which originally credits and not debits it with something.

If the purpose of the present strike has nothing to do with securing financial gain, what is its purpose?

The question for Labour to answer is, therefore: What form of procedure is there for securing financial gain upon an original basis of credit and not debit—by keeping and not breaking an industrial order of things?

And this, let me say, is quite as important a question for Capital as for Labour, because the breach of an industrial order causes loss to the masters as well as to the men.

The matter resolves itself thus: How is money primarily made by masters and men? By the former it is primarily made by the aid of the latter, and by the latter it is primarily made by the aid of the former. Thus, the form of procedure for securing financial rights upon an original basis of credit is for Labour to debit Capital with the profits made by Labour. On the other hand, the form of procedure for securing industrial rights upon an original basis of credit is for Capital to debit Labour with the profits made by Capital.

Suppose, for illustration, the net profit from Labour is £100, and the net profit from Capital is £100. Here we have a sound—and by "sound" I mean legal—business form, because it is a complete self-supporting form, of a dual system of economics. But suppose, as another illustration, the net profit from Labour is £100, and the net profit from Capital but £50. Here we have an unsound, and therefore an illegal, business form, because it is a one-sided self-supporting form, of a dual system of economics.

Labour—and this is the key to the whole difficulty—has as much right to debit Capital with the profits made by Labour as Capital has to debit Labour with the profits made by Capital. In the second of the above instances, therefore, Labour would be perfectly justified in demanding another £50 from Capital, and should be legally supported in its demand.

The question of the right form of profit or gain which Capital makes out of Capital, or which Labour makes out of Labour, is quite a different matter altogether, and wholly irrelevant of political justice or freedom.

Let us just apply this to the present crisis. The miners are demanding a minimum wage, that is to say, they seek to debit Capital with a form of profit which is industrially illegal. But it must not be inferred from this that the miners have no case, only that their case needs to be justly and lawfully stated, which can never be done by ignorant officials or agitators employed by them; neither

can their interests be advanced, nor have they ever been advanced, by strikes.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,
H. C. DANIEL.

Loughton, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge.

THE REJECTION OF ARBITRATION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Thanks to the Washington Senate the inglorious Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States has happily disappeared from the scene. Conceived and welcomed in a moment of panic, it was a direct challenge to the rest of the world, and would in all probability have precipitated a general Armageddon. How much longer are we to be lulled into a false security by amiable assurances as to the unthinkableness of a conflict between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race? And how much longer are we to suffer ourselves to be dragged at the heels of the United States in a tacit support of the preposterous Monroe Doctrine? Small wonder that Germany grows restive and threatening when she finds herself shut out from all participation in the New World. Surely we should be wise as well as generous to recognise her claims, and to aid her in the acquisition of some of that temperate part of South America which is still but sparsely peopled and where she has herself planted flourishing settlements of her sons and daughters. Why we should support the Monroe Doctrine against so desirable a fulfilment of Germany's aspirations I confess that I cannot see.

Mr. Lancelot Lawton in his article speaks of the Panama Canal *weakening* America's position by compelling "her to divide her naval strength between two oceans." Surely the reverse is the case; for the Canal will immensely strengthen her naval position by enabling her warships to pass quickly from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and *vice versa*, without taking the long voyage round by Cape Horn. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that the near completion of the Panama Canal calls for great diplomatic care on our part, inasmuch as it will add yet another to the many forces by which Canada is urged to practical union with the United States.

It appears to me, in conclusion, that the establishment of Germany in South America would, in conjunction with our presence in Canada, provide a very salutary counterbalance to that immense increase of power which the United States will receive on the completion of their magnificent undertaking, the Panama Canal. I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,

IMMO. S. ALLEN.

March 16.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Change in the Village.* By George Bourne. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)
The Key to Perfect Health, and the Successful Application of Psycho-Therapeutics. A Practical Guide to both Operator and Patient. By Arthur Hallam. Illustrated. (St. Clement's Press. 4s. net.)
The National Insurance Act, 1911. With Introduction and Notes by J. A. Lovat-Fraser, M.A., LL.M. (Waterlow and Sons. 5s. net.)
Attitude of American Courts in Labour Cases: A Study in Social Legislation. By George Gorham Groat, Ph.D. (Columbia University, N.Y., and P. S. King and Son. 10s.)
The Drone, and Other Plays. By Rutherford Mayne. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Maunsell and Co., Dublin. 3s. 6d. net.)

- The Rights of Minorities.* By George Jellinck. Translated from the German by A. M. Baty and T. Baty. (P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)
- Monthly Reminders.* By Leslie Greening, F.R.H.S. ("One and All" Garden Books. No. 36.) (London Agricultural and Horticultural Association. 1d.)
- Un Palais Musulman du IXe Siècle.* By M. H. Viollot. Illustrated. (C. Klincksieck, Paris. 8fr. 50c.)
- Le Mausolée d'Halicarnasse et le Trophée d'Auguste.* By M. Marcel Dieulafoy. (C. Klincksieck, Paris. 2fr. 30c.)
- From the Forest.* By William Scott Palmer. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Renewal of Youth.* By A. E. (The Orpheus Press, C. W. Daniel. 6d. net.)
- The Industrial Punjab: A Survey of Facts, Conditions, and Possibilities.* By A. Latifi, I.C.S. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 4s. 6d.)
- The Riks, or Primeval Gleams of Light and Life.* By T. Paramasiva Iyer. (Mysore Government Press, Bangalore.)
- Critique of Pure Kant, or A Real Realism versus A Fictitious Idealism. In a Word, The Bubble and Monstrosity of the Kantian Metaphysic.* By Charles Kirkland Wheeler. Portrait Frontispiece. (The Arakelyan Press, Boston. Mass. \$1 50c.)
- The Next Religion: A Play in Three Acts.* By Israel Zangwill. (Wm. Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Influence of Christianity upon Social and Political Ideas.* By A. J. Carlyle, D.Litt. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)
- A Living Wage a National Necessity. How Best to Get It.* By C. C. Cotterill. (A. C. Fifield. 6d. net.)
- The English Agricultural Labourer.* By the Rev. A. H. Baverstock. With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. (A. C. Fifield. 6d. net.)
- In Praise of Oxford: An Anthology in Prose and Verse. Vol. II. Life and Manners.* Compiled by Thomas Seccombe and H. Spencer Scott. (Constable and Co. 6s. net.)
- An Introduction to the Study of Prices. With Special Reference to the History of the Nineteenth Century.* By Walter T. Layton, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Shakespeare's End, and Other Irish Plays.* By Conal O'Riordan (Norreys Connell). (Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Secret Woman: A Play in Five Acts.* By Eden Phillpotts (Duckworth and Co. 1s. 6d.)
- Window Gardens.* By T. W. Sanders, F.L.S. Illustrated. (London Agricultural and Horticultural Association. 1d.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- Notre Droit Historique au Maroc: Considérations et Leçons des Siècles.* By Jean de Lécussan. (H. Daragon, Paris. 1fr.)
- The Ricardian Socialists.* By Esther Lowenthal, Ph.D. (Columbia University, N.Y., and P. S. King and Son. 3s.)
- Robert Herrick: Contribution à l'Etude de la Poésie Lyrique en Angleterre au Dix-Septième Siècle.* By Floris Delattre, Docteur ès Lettres. Illustrated. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 12fr.)
- Our Homeland Churches, and How to Study Them.* By Sidney Heath. Illustrated. (F. Warne and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Story of the Women's Suffrage Movement.* By Bertha Mason. With an Introduction by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln. Illustrated with Portraits. (Sherratt and Hughes. 1s. net.)
- English Philosophers and Schools of Philosophy.* By James Seth, M.A. (J. M. Dent and Co. 5s. net.)

- Finland: The Land of a Thousand Lakes.* By Ernest Young. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Edward King, Sixtieth Bishop of Lincoln.* By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. With Portrait. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

- The Guests of Hercules.* By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)
- The Victories of Olivia, and Other Stories.* By Evelyn Sharp. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)
- Twinkle.* By A. H. Holmes. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)
- In the World of Bewilderment.* By John Travers. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)
- In Love's Land.* By Effie A. Rowlands. With Coloured Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.)
- The Triangle.* By Marie Connor Leighton. With Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.)
- A Chord Once Struck.* By John Somers. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)
- Aunt Ursula's Bequest.* By North Greenhoe. (Murray and Evenden. 1s. net.)
- A Prodigal Daughter: A Chronicle of Marlshire.* By Hattil Foll. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s.)
- The Labyrinth of Life.* By E. A. U. Valentine. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s.)
- God and Mammon.* By Joseph Hocking. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock and Co. 3s. 6d.)
- Paul's Paragon.* By W. E. Norris. (Constable and Co. 6s.)
- Joseph in Jeopardy.* By Frank Danby. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)
- The Quest of Glory.* By Marjorie Bowen. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)
- A Lost Interest.* By Mrs. George Wemyss. Illustrated by Balliol Salmon. (Constable and Co. 6s.)
- The Rhodesian.* By Gertrude Page. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)
- The Twins of Suffering Creek.* By Ridgwell Cullum. With Frontispiece. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
- Beggars and Sorners.* By Allan McAulay. (John Lane. 6s.)
- Duckworth's Diamonds.* By E. Everett-Green. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
- A Daughter of the Bush.* By Ambrose Pratt. With Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)
- The Charwoman's Daughter.* By James Stephens. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Revolt.* By Putnam Weale. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)
- When God Laughs, and Other Stories.* By Jack London. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)
- Wings of Desire.* By M. P. Willcocks. (John Lane. 6s.)
- Lady Ermytrude and the Plumber: A Love Tale of MCMXX.* By Percy Fendall. (Stephen Swift. 6s.)

VERSE.

- Verses.* By W. J. E. Haslam. (Constable and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Dream-Songs for the Beloved.* By Eleanor Farjeon. (The Orpheus Press, C. W. Daniel. 2s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

- Deutsche Rundschau; The Vineyard; St. George's Magazine; The Bibelot; Bookseller; London University Gazette; United Empire; Publishers' Circular; United India and Native States (Madras); The Collegian (Calcutta); The Idler (N.Y.); The International; Literary Digest; Amateur Photographer (Empire Number); Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue des Etudes Napoléoniennes; Cambridge University Reporter; Tourist Magazine (N.Y.).*

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